THE

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. XV, No. 2 March, 1946

COMMEMORATION DAY ADDRESS

'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace'

Ten years is not a long period in the history of this College, whose founders and benefactors we commemorate today. It is less than one-tenth of the time for which the College and the School from which it sprang have been in existence; it passes quickly enough in a human life; but it forms a neatly rounded span, and it happens to be just the length of time for which I have been a teacher here. That in itself might not be much of a reason for comparing some of the thoughts and impressions of ten years ago with those of today; but the last decade happens also to have been one of the most momentous in human history, perhaps the one which will prove to have brought about greater changes in human society than any other.

When I came to India in January 1936, the War, which has been the constant background of our thoughts for these past six years, was still only a threat. It *was* a threat. Japan had embarked on its career of aggression in China. Mussolini had crushed Abyssinia. (One of my vivid memories of the voyage out is of our ship at Port Said moored alongside of an Italian transport crowded with jubilant troops.) The Spanish Civil War was nearly on the horizon. Many voices were prophesying the inevitability of another world war far more devastating than the first. But I think that most of us still did not really believe that it would come. We thought that the folly and wickedness of men would stop short on the brink of such a disaster. We hoped that somehow a way to peace would be found in spite of all the threats and trumpetings of the dictators, and the weakness and vacillation of the democratic powers.

Alas! those hopes were doomed to swift disappointment, and the ten years which have passed have seen the issue fought out through six years of bitter agony. They have seen the defeat of the dictatorships and the triumph of the democratic states; but the end of them sees also vast areas of Europe and Eastern Asia in indescribable misery and chaos, and the world wondering whether the present hour is peace, or only a short breathing space dominated by the shadow of the atomic bomb.

Along with this disappointment over world affairs, these ten years have seen also the disappointment of hopes which many of us had for the peaceful advance of India in self-government. In 1935 progressively-minded people in Great Britain supposed that the new Government of India Act which had just passed Parliament, would be accepted and worked in India. No doubt we were not very well informed about Indian sentiment, but we sincerely believed that the new Act was opening up the way for India to

become a free and self-governing nation. In fact one of the main reasons which led me to give up the interesting and not unimportant work which I was doing at home, and respond to the invitation of S.P.G. to come out as Warden of Bishop Heber Hall, was the thought that it would be a deeply interesting privilege to work here in India during such a period of transition and growth. It was a great disappointment to find these hopes failing to materialise, and to see instead the further growth of suspicion, recrimination and bitterness.

Why is it that all the hopes of so many well-meaning people for peace in the world, or for peaceful progress in this country came to nothing? After all, the vast majority of people all over the world do not want strife. There may be a few who think of war and bloodshed as glorious, and whose emotions can find an outlet in no other terms; but the great mass of ordinary folk look upon them with loathing. They desire above all things to be peaceable. Why is that desire so ineffectual? It looks, doesn't it, as though they have not thought the matter out deeply enough? If what thousands upon thousands desire fails to happen, while what is wanted by only a few takes place, it looks as if there is something wrong with the way the majority do their desiring.

And in fact it is not enough just to desire peace. You must actively do something to make it. You must look below the surface to the causes of strife and suspicion, and then take heroic measures to end them. In the Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus did not pronounce a blessing on the peaceable, but on the peacemakers. Being peaceable is a purely passive condition—after all, a cow is a peaceable enough animal—but peace*making* is an active creative process calling for all the devotion and effort of which men are capable.

One big fallacy of contemporary thought, which perhaps has the effect of dulling this effort, is the way we have of discussing the achievement of such things as peace or security or communal harmony as 'problems' to which 'solutions' have to be found. There has been a remarkable rise in popularity of the word 'problem' in modern times. Formerly the word belonged almost exclusively to mathematicians and chess-players and the like; but nowadays we are always hearing of the 'problem' of unemployment, the communal 'problem', the 'problem' of security, and so on. Now the word 'problem' implies the existence of a solution. In the problems set us in maths. or physics or whatever it may be in College, we assume that there is a solution. When we have found it we can write *Q.E.D.* at the end and run off to play. Sometimes of course we can't find it, but at any rate we expect the teacher to be able to do so. It may, however, have been our experience occasionally to get one which cannot be solved because the data have been given wrongly. It has been set carelessly, and the facts given are irreconcilable. When that happens in class or in an examination paper we feel a little annoyed at having been caused to waste our time, but it was obviously just a mistake.

But to the problems which oppress our world there hardly ever is a solution. They cannot be settled like an exercise in algebra, or like a cross-word puzzle which can be solved by anyone clever enough to elucidate the clues. There is no cut-and-dried solution which Government, or the Great Powers, or some political party can produce like a conjuror producing a rabbit out of a hat. There is no such solution because the data *are* irreconcilable; for the data are the conflicting interests, the selfishness, the passions of human hearts.

The only hope of peace is to change those hearts, to change them by the power of a new transforming ideal which shall cut right across the age-long divisions and strifes and jealousies of men, and bring them into one human family. That is the task of a true maker of peace.

You may be thinking that while such reflections as these may be topical enough to the times in which we live, they have no special connection with Commemoration Day. The connection is that the enterprise of which this College is a part is the supreme effort at the making of peace. On this commemoration Day we habitually think of our founders, of John Anderson, of William Miller, and of the line of principals and

teachers who have built up the traditions of this place. On the annual College Day we listen to some of the older generation recounting their reminiscences of these men, dwelling on their devotion, their scholarship, but above all on their friendliness. Perhaps some of this is mere sentimentalising, the softening process wrought by distance and time; but there must be a large measure of truth. The professors of those days evidently did strike their students as displaying an outstanding friendliness in an unfriendly world.

But I frankly want to ask you this morning to consider what further thing lay behind this. What brought these men to India? What caused John Anderson to come out in those pioneering days and found his school in George Town? What made William Miller spend his life and his fortune in building up the College? It was because they saw such work as part of a world-wide enterprise to which they had been called by their faith in God as revealed in Jesus Christ. The College was founded and has been carried on as part of the missionary activity of the Christian Church.

Now thousands have studied here and many have taught here who do not share in that enterprise, who do not even understand or sympathise with it. They have nevertheless got much from the College, and have given it their loyalty and affection. It is good that this should be so. All loyalty, all devotion, all friendliness in this world is an asset. But those who founded and who have maintained the College believed that something more than the friendliness which comes from common life and work is needed to reconcile the deeply-divided camps of mankind. What is needed is a new vision of the oneness of men through their common sonship of God, and a new power to bring that vision into the world as a reality.

That power, a Christian believes, is offered by Jesus Christ. Those who object to the missionary activity of the Christian religion, who maintain that religion is merely a private matter and that no man should seek to present his faith to others, fail to see that by the very nature of its message the Christian faith must be missionary. From the first it claimed that in Christ all were made one: Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, bond and free. Its very purpose was the breaking down of the 'wall of partition' which divided race from race, class from class, man from man, and building them up into the one fellowship in Christ.

Those who come proclaiming that message do not do so posing as better men than others or as more profound philosophers, or more devout mystics, but simply as members of a fellowship, a world-wide community which shares a common life and spirit through its common Lord: a community very imperfect, full of faults, often obscuring its real nature, but yet never for long losing sight of its goal, and the only hope of salvation from war and strife and division which is offered to the world.

T. G. P.

THE ENGLISH POETS AND THE NIGHTINGALE [1]

Coleridge, in a classic paragraph in his 'Biographia', says that 'Images, however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterise the poet.' Poetry, we should say, is not made from photographs. 'Images', Coleridge reminds us, 'become proofs of original genius only so far as they are modified by a predominant passion; or by associated thoughts or images awakened by that passion; or when they have the effect of reducing multitude to unity or succession to an instant; or lastly, when a human and intellectual life is transferred to them from the poet's own spirit which shoots its being through earth, sea and air.'

In this paper, my intention is to trace the history of an ancient poetic image—the Nightingale and its Song—finding in it

[1] Extracts from a Paper read before the Madras Branch of the English Association on the 14th February, 1946.

human and intellectual life transferred from the poet's own spirit; discovering how far the image is 'modified by a predominant passion'. We shall find, I believe, that this essentially lyrical image from nature, has been a constant inspiration to the poets, and has embodied for them a surprising range of passions; while in turn it has awakened a remarkably wide variety of thoughts and images.

In the first two sections of the paper, the treatment of the nightingale in Greek poetry and in earlier English poetry up to the time of Chaucer is considered. To the Greeks, the nightingale was primarily the symbol of human sorrow and suffering, but also symbolising all song. In Old English poetry,

The sedge has withered from the lake
And no bird sings.

In later English poetry, the nightingale plays many parts, or rather possesses a wide range of song which stimulates in the poet images of nature, national pride, religion, as well as the primary emotions of joy and sorrow; and her place is in lyric poetry. In Chaucer, the bird has a place in narrative verse where she sings in entirely different surroundings.

III

It is when we read the Elizabethans that we first discover that an English nightingale has become Philomel. Spenser hears her singing in the Greek pastorals of Bion and Moschus, and he knows her in Ovid; so we find him writing of her in that grave pastoral elegy, the November eclogue of the 'Shepheard's Calender'.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode
And hang their heads, as they would learn to weepe:
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode
Except the wolves, that chase the wandering sheepe;
Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe,
The Turtle on the bared branch
Laments the wound that death did launch,
O heavie hearse,
And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe
O carefull verse.

You hear her also in the August eclogue:

That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintive pleas the more tangment
The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her woe.

In following the classical tradition, Spenser has brought back to the nightingale's song the elegiac note which it had when the Greeks heard it long before; but to him there is the undertone of romance, the song as Chaucer heard it in the dream-vision poem on a May morning, and Spenser, with a mind naturally sensitive to the beauty behind the appearance of things, expresses in his poems a harmony of the two strains; a synthesis which we find in much of Elizabethan poetry. The fact that Spenser follows more the classical than the romance tradition may be indicated by the fact that in spite of having the Provencal tradition and Chaucer's *Troilus* and *Cressida* before him, Spenser makes no mention of the nightingale in his *Epithalamium.* Cynthia is there, peeping at the window, and great Juno, patron of wedlock, but the birds are commanded to be silent, and no song is heard. Nevertheless Philomel, in Spenser, for all her classical heritage, has an echo of that note which, in its richly meditative quality, carries us back continually to Medieval romance.

IV

Caroline Spurgeon notices, in her book on 'Shakespeare's Imagery', that when he thinks of birds, it is their movements that kindle Shakespeare's poetic imagination, not their song. He sees them fluttering and thinks of helplessness and soft feathers and swift flight. So when we look for Shakespeare's nightingales we find that they never sing. The metaphor to him seems hackneyed and dead. He uses it only in a conventional way, on the lips of conventional speakers, like Valentine in *Two Gentle-*

men, or Malvolio, playing the courtier to Maria. Shakespeare like Chaucer far more frequently uses the image mockingly, in ridiculous fashion. 'I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale', grunts Bottom. 'The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.' Even Portia, in the moonlight scene has to say, rather tartly,

> I think
> The nightingale, if she should sing by day
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than the wren.

These and other references suggest that to Shakespeare the image was stale and unreal. It cannot be that Shakespeare was really unmoved by her song; and he was certainly aware of the ancient sorrows associated with her. But the conventional image had no power to stimulate his imagination, and so he never used it except laughingly. (*Cf.* Titus Andronicus.)

Milton writes a sonnet 'To the Nightingale' and Tillyard suggests that it should be read along with his Italian sonnets. These tell of his student days at Cambridge, when, at the age of 21, he was deeply in love with an unknown foreign dark lady. To him, at that time, the Nightingale

> With fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill
> While the jolly hours lead on propitious May

and he prays that it may 'timely sing' ere the rude bird of hate—the cuckoo—which to Milton has all its more unfortunate traditional characteristics—come and foretell his hopeless doom, in some grove nigh. This is something new for the poet's nightingale. She is no Philomel, but a creature of English folklore, whose song, if heard, brings good fortune in love.

But before the end of Milton's early period of writing, she is invoked again as Philomel in the grave, sweet melody of *Il Penseroso*

> 'in her sweetest saddest plight
> . . . .
> most musical, most melancholy!'

She is introduced as the counterpart of the lark and the crowing cock of 'L' Allegro'

But while the lark, singing, startles the dull night and the cock 'with lively din, scatters the rear of darkness thin', the nightingale does not sing. 'The poet woos her and failing to hear her song soon goes home to his study.' Was Milton aware of the fact that Philomel was not quite at home in his almost passionless elegy?

It was left to Coleridge to protest in his 'conversation piece' in the *Lyrical Ballads* that

'in nature there is nothing melancholy.'

He allows Milton a dramatic propriety in the nightingale, in that it reflects the character of the melancholy man, one who, as Coleridge puts it,

> fill'd all things with himself
> And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
> Of his own sorrows, he and such as he
> First nam'd these notes a melancholy strain;
> And many a poet echoes the conceit;
> Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme
> When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
> Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell
> By sun or moonlight.

Was Coleridge thinking of Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry in Oxford, during the 18th century? Did Warton, as he strolled through Bagley Wood, really hear

> Love-sick Philomel, whose luscious lays
> Soothe lone night-wanderers?

Or did he merely write those lines in his stuffy library?

His eighteenth century predecessor, James Thomson, had a surer touch when writing of nature, and although he had to come out of Scotland before he could hear the nightingale, when he had heard her he could write with true feeling. I am not speaking now of Thomson's poem 'To the Nightingale' which, like Milton's, is a conventional complaint.

> In vain, I languish for my bride
> O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

But rather, of some fine lines in 'Spring' where he hears the song of the nightingale, and describes her as mourning, not because she is Philomel or because the poet is depressed, but *because her nest has been robbed,* and she returns

> Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings
> Her sorrows through the night, and on the bough
> Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
> Takes up again her lamentable strain.

V

It is not a long journey from this to the bird whose song can bring with it 'a tale of visionary hours'. The great Romantics take us away from the nightingale of the eighteenth century where

> In ballrooms and hot theatres, they still
> Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
> O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

And we hear, as if in protest to all this, the *merry* Nightingale

> tune his wanton song
> Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head
> That crowds and hurries, and precipitates
> With fast thick warble, his delicious notes
> As he were fearful that an April night
> Would be too short.

In the 18th century 'Philomela' is forgotten and in her place there is a singing bird that is 'too happy' in its happiness. What conversation did Coleridge have with Keats along that London road in the spring of 1819? Keats records briefly that they talked—(or more likely Coleridge talked)—about 'Nightingales—Poetry—Poetical Sensation—Metaphysics' and today, when we compare the Nightingale poems by the two poets, the parallels are striking.

To the great Romantics, the Nightingale and its song are heard through the 'still sad music of humanity'. It is the *contrast* that matters, between 'the weariness, the fever and the fret here' and the power which rouses in the poet a rapturous emotion, a tremendous joy. Even Shelley whose 'lorn nightingale mourns not her mate with such melodious pain' is expressing a sense of joy in the beauty of it.

The Romantics, and Keats especially, have inherited something from the ancient Greeks as well as from their earlier English masters.

On the other hand we must recognise that the Romantics are as far from the Greeks in their listening to the nightingale as they are from their predecessors who admired Philomel in the 18th century. They are listening to the song for its own sake, for the truth it will reveal to them at that moment or later; and they hear it not as the Greeks did, in their direct and simple way, but as men in exile, listening to a voice from a long-forgotten home. It seems to come to them over the centuries through an atmosphere charged with passion and mystery, over perilous seas, and bringing 'visions of the hills, and souls of lonely places'.

In the middle of the 19th century (1853), Matthew Arnold takes up the theme and it seems to him to bring once more the eternal note of sadness.'

In his poem on Philomel, in spite of its numerous exclamation marks and the inevitable Arnoldian 'Ah!' there is a return to the Greek tradition. The bird is a

> Wanderer from a Grecian shore
> Still, after many years, in distant lands
> Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
> That wild, unquench'd deep-sunken, old world pain.

That is the point: the nightingale, to Arnold, is Greek, not English. It is an exile, longing for its home, remembering 'love Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale'. It bears out what Arnold has been saying in his 1853 Preface, that for the finest expression of the human passions, not less than for style, we must go back to the Greeks every time. He goes to them because he believes they can cure us of what he believes to be the great vice of modern literature; that it is fantastic and that it wants sanity. Sanity, he says—that is the great virtue of the ancient literature; the want of that is the great defect of the modern in spite of all its variety and power.

Yet Arnold himself cannot escape being a modern. He hears the English nightingale truly: he hears it against the

> Cool trees, and night
> And the sweet tranquil Thames
> And moonshine and the dew,

and to him it is a fugitive like himself, reminding him of his melancholy inheritance from the Romantics, driving him out from

> this strange disease of modern life
> With its sick hurry, its divided aims.

But the nightingale, Greek or English, cannot lift Arnold into joy; he is chained in spirit to a world which

> Hath really rather joy, nor love, nor light
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain

and the nightingale is thus to him a symbol of his own suffering and maladjustment to the modern world.

VI

What are the modern poets to do with the nightingale? What's Philomel to them or they to Philomel? As one of them has recently written:

> 'It is a terrific problem that faces the poet today—a world that is so in transition from a decayed culture toward a reorganisation of human evaluations that there are few common terms, general denominators of speech, that are solid enough or that ring with any vibration or spiritual conviction. The great mythologies of the past are deprived of enough facade even to launch good raillery against.'

But he concludes that in spite of this there can be no 'deliberate programme . . . . of a break with the past.'

So we find T. S. Eliot putting Sweeney—one of his vulgar characters symbolising the social problem in the modern world—among the nightingales:

> Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
> Letting his arms hang down to laugh
> The Zebra stripes along his jaw
> Swelling to maculate giraffe

It is a scene in a sordid coffee-hotel in South America; you see it through Sweeney's eyes as in a dream; the coarse men and raffish women in an atmosphere of dirty tables and fruit. But all the while, outside that hot, sordid little world of Sweeney and his associates

> The nightingales are singing near
> The convent of the Sacred Heart,
> And sang within the bloody wood
> When Agamennon cried aloud,
> And let their liquid siftings fall
> To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

He lets you see, beyond that unpleasant foreground, the eternal beauty that is as it ever shall be, despite man's inhumanity; and he goes back to the Greeks, not merely to Philomel nor to the conventional language of myth, not to what he calls 'a heap of broken images', but to the ancient spirit of beauty enshrined in the ancient legend clothing it in new vigorous language charged with significance for the modern reader. This is how the poets can give new life to a legend, as they let themselves be kindled by it, in its undying significance for themselves, and learn to express their passion in words that are today alive and significant. If I may quote one more example, here is Peter Quennell achieving it:

> So she became a bird, and bird-like danced
> On a long sloe-bough, treading the silver blossom
> With a bird's lovely feet
> And shaken blossoms fell into the hands
> Of sunlight.

'She became a bird' — yes, but in her long history from Homer to the present day, she became the symbol of many a poet's passion. Her song has echoed his terrible grief; it has shaken him into expressions of the highest joy. It has set him dreaming of beauty, it has voiced his love of his country and his people.

All this that little brown bird has done because the heart of man cannot be satisfied; it must ever go on seeking for that which gives meaning and significance to its high emotions, and it must go on expressing them in words which reach beyond thought into the world of song.

R. S. MACNICOL.

THE RIVALS IN ROYAPETTAH

BY R. B. SHERIDAN AND OTHERS

ACT I

SCENE :—*The Reception Hall of a Hotel in Royapettah.*

Leela at writing-table

LEELA—(*reading a letter just written*): 'My dearest Sita,—How surprised you will be to hear that I am in Royapettah! My aunt brought me away from Bangalore suddenly, yesterday. She had found out somehow about my darling Subbu. And, worst of all, only three days ago, I had SUCH a quarrel with him! We'd never had one, and I wanted so much to see what it would be like. I was so cruel to him, and told him I never wanted to set eyes on him again. You should have seen his face! It was such fun! Of course I meant to explain the little joke to him after two days, and as soon as he had apologised properly I'd have forgiven him and we'd have had such a wonderful reconciliation—you know, just like 'Mangamma'! But now I don't know what will happen. My aunt wants to hurry on my marriage with Balan, and has come here to consult my father's old friend, Rao Bahadur Ranganatha Sastri. But I WON'T agree to a humdrum wedding! I WON'T have everyone approving! I want to fly off in an aeroplane, or to sail away in a submarine. I WON'T marry Balan, unless someone forbids me; and I WILL marry Subbu—unless by some miracle Mrs. Minakshi should consent! There! With loving good wishes, Ever your old chum, LEELA.'

Now let me think of Subbu—dear, noble, injured Subbu! (*Attitude*) Oh, bother, here's my aunt—and, I believe, Mr. Sastri.

[*Enter Mrs. Minakshi and Mr. Sastri*]

MRS. M.—There, sir, there is the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth five rupees.

LEELA.—Auntie, I thought you once said——

MRS. M.—Well, don't think. Thought doesn't become a young lady. And you must forget this Subbu—illiterate him from your memory.

LEELA.—But, auntie, it isn't so easy to forget.

MRS. M.—But I say it is, miss. There's nothing so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to try. I'm sure I forgot half-a-dozen men in my time, because I had to. These violent memories don't become a young lady.

MR. S.—This comes of her going to the cinema.

LEELA.—What crime have I committed, auntie, to be treated like this?

MRS. M.—Now, don't try to extirpate yourself this way. Will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of my choosing?

LEELA.—Auntie, I must tell you plainly, that even if I had no preference for Mr. Subbu, still Mr. Balan would be my aversion.

MRS. M.—What business have you, miss with preference and aversion? They don't become a young lady. Besides, as people always change after marriage, it's safer to begin with a little aversion. I'm sure I hated your poor dear uncle, before our marriage; but you know what a good wife I made, and when Heaven was pleased to release me from him, nobody knows what tears I shed! Will you promise to give up this Subbu?

LEELA.—Never!

MRS. M.—Go to your room, you hussy!

LEELA.—Willingly, auntie!

[*Exit Leela.*]

MRS. M.—There's a little intricate hussy for you!

MR. R.—It's not to be wondered at. It all comes of letting them go to the cinema. If I had a thousand daughters, I'd keep them out of the cinema; I wouldn't teach them to read; I wouldn't teach them to speak! Then they'd be safe.

MRS. M.—Why, Mr. Sastri, what a misanthropy you are!

MR. S.—A cinema, Mrs. Minakshi, is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. It blossoms all the year round. And depend on it, that if young people look at the tree too often, one day they will want to taste the fruit themselves.

MRS. M.—Ah, Mr. Sastri, you are certainly speaking laconically.

MR. R.—Well, Mrs. Minakshi, what would YOU want to teach a young lady?

MRS. M.—I would NOT want a daughter of mine to be a progeny of knowledge. I don't think that knowledge becomes a young lady. I would never let her meddle with Algebra, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such-like inflammatory subjects out of the cuticle. I would let her learn a little ingenuity and artifice. She might have a supercilious acquaintance with accounts. And perhaps Geometry, so as to know something about the contagious countries. Above all, I would have her well trained in orthodoxy, so as not to mis-spell and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do, and so as to reprehend the true meaning of what she says herself. That's what I would want a young lady to know; and I don't believe there's a single superstitious article in it.

MR. S.—Well, well, Mrs. Minakshi, you argue very moderately, for every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, to come back to my previous question, have you any objection now to allowing Leela to marry my son Krishnan?

MRS. M.—None at all. There is no definite agreement with Mr. Balan, and Leela is so obstinate against him, that perhaps your son will have better success.

MR. S.—I will send for him at once, to Bangalore. He knows nothing of this, though I have had it in mind for some time.

MRS. M.—We have never seen your son, though he was in Bangalore so long. I hope there will be no objection on his side.

MR. S.—Objection! He wouldn't dare. Krishnan knows that the least objection puts me in a frenzy at once. My method in educating him was very simple. It was 'Kittu, do this!' If he objected, I knocked him down. If he didn't like that, I sent him out of the room.

MRS. M.—I am sure you are wise. There is nothing so conciliating to young people as severity. Well, I will give Mr. Balan his discharge, and I will prepare Leela to receive your son's invocations; meanwhile, I hope you will represent Leela to him as an object not altogether illegible.

MR. R.—Trust me for that. I'll have him panting for her in no time. Keep a tight hold of the young lady. If she's restive, lock her up; and if you could forget to send her any food for a day or two, that would give her a wonderful opinion of my Krishnan!

Exeunt.

[*Enter R. Krishnan and Gama*]

KRISHNAN.—Look, Gama! That's my father, I do believe, with old Minakshi! I must look out!

GAMA.—Minakshi—that's the name of the lady who writes such nice letters to me from Bangalore. Here's her best one—I carry it about with me. (*Reads*) 'There is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of my dear Gama. Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find Gama worthy the last criterion of my affections.'

KRISHNAN.—She's queen of the dictionary! No matter how far off any word may be, it has to come when she calls it!

GAMA.—It's not an ordinary letter; is it? Ah, but if only you had seen her, Krishnan! I only saw her once, at the festival cricket match a month ago in Bangalore. She was with a tiresome old woman. But she! And she wired to me yesterday that she was coming to Madras.

KRISHNAN.—Well, this Minakshi is fifty years old, and a widow. Yours must be a different lady altogether. I suppose that, as Physical Director of Loyappa College, you must get quite a fan-mail.

GAMA.—Oh, I mustn't complain, you know. But why don't you want to see your own father?

KRISHNAN.—Well, I also met a young lady at Bangalore. I found that she is frightfully romantic. She is very well-off, but everything depends on the approval of an aunt of hers; and she dreams of a runaway match with some one who's got nothing at all. Well, I pretended I was a poor orphan, and a travelling agent for Amrutanjan. I'm always having to humour her. Only the other day she deliberately staged a very theatrical quarrel. Then suddenly she left for Madras, with her aunt; but she let me know the address of the hotel here. I was afraid she might think I was taken in by her play-acting; so I have followed, to plead and rave and repent and all that. But just now I'd better keep out of my father's way.

GAMA.—I'll be as secret as the grave, old boy. And I'll be off, to see whether I can track down MY Minakshi.

KRISHNAN.—There's nothing for me to do now but hang around on the off-chance of catching Leela by herself. Good-bye.

Exit Gama.

[*Enter Mr. Sastri*]

MR. S.—Kittu, my boy! What are you doing here? I've just wired to you at Bangalore to tell you to meet me here tomorrow.

KRISHNAN.—It must have been telepathy, father; I just had a sort of feeling that I must come to Madras today, and to this hotel.

MR. S.—Well, I might have saved twelve annas; but anyhow this saves some time. My boy, I have been considering that I am very old and infirm, and that I may not trouble you long.

KRISHNAN.—Excuse me, sir, but I never saw you looking so strong and hearty; and I pray every day that you may remain so for many years to come.

MR. S.—I'm sure I hope your prayers will be answered. Well, then, Krishnan, I have been considering that I may continue to plague you for a long time. Now I know the allowance I make you is only a pittance to a lad of your spirit.

KRISHNAN.—Oh, sir, you have always been most generous.

MR. S.—And I wish, before I die, to see my boy making some figure in the world. I have arranged, therefore, without further delay, to make you quite independent of me, and to set you up properly.

KRISHNAN. Oh, sir, your kindness overwhelms me.

MR. S.—I'm glad you have the grace to thank me. In a few weeks, you'll find yourself the master of a large estate.

KRISHNAN.—My whole life will show how grateful I am, sir. Do you think, sir, that I ought to manage the estate myself?

MR. S.—Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

KRISHNAN.—My WIFE, sir?

MR. S.—Yes, yes, settle that between you—settle that between you.

KRISHNAN.—A WIFE, sir, did you say?

MR. S.—Yes, of course, a wife. Didn't I mention her before?

KRISHNAN.—Not a word of her, sir.

MR. S.—Oh, but I mustn't forget her. The fortune I speak of is saddled with a wife. But I don't suppose that that makes any difference.

KRISHNAN.—Sir, you amaze me.

MR. S.—Why, what's the matter with the fool now? A moment ago you were all gratitude and duty.

KRISHNAN.—I was, sir; you spoke of setting me up and making me independent, but not a word of a wife.

MR. S.—What does that matter? What do you expect? If you take the estate, you must take the livestock on it too.

KRISHNAN.—Indeed! And may I ask who the lady is?

MR. S.—What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to marry her in a month, and to love her to distraction in a week.

KRISHNAN.—Really, sir, is it reasonable to tell me to love a lady I have never seen?

MR. S.—Is it reasonable of you to object to a lady you've never seen?

KRISHNAN.—Please forgive me, father. But in this matter, at this moment, it is not possible for me to obey you.

MR. S.—Now listen to me, boy. I have heard you with patience; all this time I have kept cool—quite cool. But take care!

You know how indulgent I am, when I'm not thwarted; no one more easily led, when I get my own way. But don't put me into a frenzy!

KRISHNAN.—I am very sorry indeed, sir; but in this I cannot obey you.

MR. S.—Then I'll never call you Kittu again!

KRISHNAN.—But please, father, it's so sudden. I might not even think her good-looking.

MR. S.—And I tell you, the lady shall be as ugly as I choose! She shall have a hump on each shoulder! She shall have one eye, and a squint! She shall be all this, you puppy, and by heaven I'll have you ogling her all day, and sitting up all night to write sonnets on her beauty!

KRISHNAN.—This is being reasonable, indeed!

MR. S.—None of your sneering, now! No grinning, puppy!

KRISHNAN.—I never felt less like joking.

MR. S.—None of your passion, sir! None of your violence, if you please!

KRISHNAN.—Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

MR. S.—I don't believe it! I know you are in a passion in secret! I know you are, you hypocritical young dog. But it won't do!

KRISHNAN.—I assure you, sir, on my word of honour——

MR. S.—So you will fly out, will you? Why can't you keep cool, like me? What good can passion do, you impudent, insolent, bad-tempered reprobate! There you go, sneering again! Don't provoke me! You rely on the meekness of my temper—you do, you dog! Take care! The patience of a saint may give out at last. Now here's my final word. I give you half-an-hour to think it over. If you agree then, without conditions, to do anything on earth that I choose, why, confound you, I may in time forgive you. If not, if not—don't enter the same hemisphere with me! Don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me! Get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! And I'll never call you Kittu again!

Exit.

KRISHNAN (*alone*).—Mild, considerate, gentle father! What would he say if I told him the whole truth? If only he knew Leela as I do! I wonder what old wealthy hag it is he wants to marry me to. And yet he married for love himself; he has boasted of it, to me, a dozen times. He didn't pay any attention to HIS father.

[*Enter Balan dejected.*]

KRISHNAN.—What, Balan! Don't you recognise me? What's wrong, crossed in love?

BALAN.—Ow! Don't talk of being crossed in love as if it were a joke. That's just what has happened to me, and I feel as if I had run into a wall at top speed!

[*Enter Gama.*]

GAMA.—I say, Krishnan, listen to this—Hullo, Balan, what's biting you?

BALAN.—I tell you I've got pains here and here and here; they ache and sting and throb, and, yes, they burn!

GAMA.—That's all right, old boy. I'll teach you a few corrective exercises that will put you right in no time. Just take off your coat and trousers——

BALAN.—No, Gama, no; the seat of my distemper is the mind.

GAMA.—Oh! Afraid they didn't teach us anything about the MIND at Saidapet.

KRISHNAN.—What's the trouble, Balan?

BALAN.—Oh, it's bitter. What have I done to be treated like this? Have you ever heard of Leela, the orphan niece of old Mrs. Minakshi, in Bangalore?

KRISHNAN.—Yes, I think I have. (*To himself*) By Jove, is this my official rival? (*Krishnan draws apart, Balan speaks more to Gama.*)

BALAN.—Well, for months now she has been trying to hook me. The girl's not bad looking (*Krishnan indignant*), but hang it all, I'm just through my Inter—five years of constant work and worry—and I want a rest. Give me two years, I say, and then I'll think about going on with my studies, or looking for a job, or getting married. On the other hand, this girl has lots of money, and I wouldn't mind that at all.

GAMA.—In short you jumped at her?

BALAN.—Well, I didn't refuse point-blank. I've been going to the house, off and on, for a long time now. And the old lady wrote and asked me to come today, to improve my acquaintance with Leela, with a view to possible developments.

GAMA.—Well?

BALAN.—Well, in I came, and up I went, and as soon as I had sat down she told me, as cool as you please, without a by-your-leave or a beg-your-pardon, that Leela's marriage has been arranged this very afternoon.

GAMA.—Too bad. Who's the hated rival?

BALAN.—She didn't say, and I didn't ask. Just when I arrived, though,—I waited about a good deal before sending up my name—there was an old gentleman going away very pleased with himself. I am sure he is the man's father.

KRISHNAN (*to himself*).—By Jove, my father! The bride he was trying to thrust on me is my own Leela! Good lord! (*Sits at table and begins to write.*)

BALAN.—In Bangalore I heard rumours about a fellow, Subbu.

KRISHNAN (*still at writing table*).—Subbu?

BALAN.—That's the name. Do you know him?

KRISHNAN.—Why, yes, I know Subbu rather well.

GAMA.—Where does he live?

KRISHNAN.—Well, I happen to know that he's in Madras at the moment.

GAMA.—Balan, my boy, I know exactly what you must do now. You want to get this thing off your mind, don't you? Well, get hold of Subbu, and fight it out!

BALAN.—Fight it out?

GAMA.—A boxing-match. That's the way we get things off our minds in Loyappa. You've got a grievance against some one. Into the ring, both of you, and on with the gloves. You knock him down, or he knocks you down. If you knock him down, it takes the grievance off your mind. If he knocks you down, you'll take care never to have a grievance again. It clears the air wonderfully. The moral tone of Loyappa has gone up like anything since I started the fashion. I've put in a memorandum to the Vice-Chancellor about it.

BALAN.—But he hasn't given me any provocation.

GAMA.—No provocation? How could one man provoke another man more than by falling in love with the same woman? An unpardonable breach of friendship.

BALAN.—Friendship! I never saw the man in my life.

GAMA.—That makes it all the worse, that he should take such a liberty with a stranger.

BALAN.—But I can't box.

GAMA.—That doesn't matter. I'll give you all the coaching you need in half-an-hour. And if you're lucky, Subbu will know less about it than you.

BALAN.—You mean I'll knock him down, and he won't be able to knock me down?

GAMA.—Certainly.

BALAN.—Come on then. Where is he?

GAMA.—That's right. I promise you it's the sporting thing to do.

BALAN (*taking a stand*).—I'll have a try. Everyone's being sporting now, aren't they?

GAMA.—Good! Now, everything must be done properly. You write him a letter, saying he supplanted you unfairly.

BALAN.—He could never have done it by fair means!

GAMA.—And since there is a difference of opinion between you, you want to give him an opportunity of settling it in the way that is usual between sportsmen, with the gloves.

BALAN.—Hang it all, we must be sportsmen, mustn't we? It's so up-to-date, isn't it? (*Practising*) By Jove, as somebody says in Shakespeare, 'I could do such deeds!'. Good gracious, Gama, what a sportsman I am! And I never even suspected it till now.

GAMA.—That's fine, but you mustn't get into a passion. These things must be done civilly.

BALAN.—But I must be in a passion, Gama. I must be in a rage. Please let me be in a rage. I'll write the letter now. Have you finished, Krishnan?

KRISHNAN.—Yes, I've finished. Here you are. (*While Balan is settling at the table, Krishnan speaks to an invisible servant.*) Here, take this to Miss Leela upstairs

Room No. 19, and give it into her own hands. It's most important.

(*Gives the letter and money.*)

BALAN (*at writing-table*).—You haven't got your boxing-gloves here? I would get into the spirit of the thing better if I wrote in boxing-gloves. What, no red ink? Well, anyhow, I'll write a good bold hand. Now ...Er, how do I begin? 'Damn it all, you, Subbu'?

GAMA.—No, no, that wouldn't be sporting at all. Begin 'Dear Sir'.

BALAN.—Hang it all, I'm not asking the man to dinner!

GAMA.—Must be sporting. (*Dictates*) 'Dear sir,—To prevent the confusion that might arise from our both addressing the same lady, I suggest that we should meet with boxing-gloves at 6 p.m. sharp this evening in the garden of this hotel. I trust, sir, that you will accept my offer in the sporting spirit in which it is made.'

BALAN.— . . . 'in which it is made.' And now can't I say 'And to hell with you'?

GAMA.—Not sporting. 'Yours faithfully, B. B. Balan.' Now Krishnan will kindly deliver the letter to this Subbu.

KRISHNAN.—I'll do it without any delay at all.

GAMA.—And you will see, Balan, that this will prevent any confusion or misunderstanding between you.

BALAN.—Just so. We fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

GAMA.—Now come along, and I'll give you a little sparring-practice.

BALAN.—By Jove, Krishnan, I'm so full of the sporting spirit, I'm just longing to—to kill a cockroach, or—or kick a chair, or something (*kicks a chair*).

GAMA.—None of that. You may save up your sporting spirit for Subbu.

(*Exeunt Gama and Balan*)

KRISHNAN.—Well, I've a good mind to go into the garden at six o'clock, and say 'I'm Subbu', just to see what he'll do about it. But first of all, Leela. I have sent her a note to say that I will introduce myself to Mrs. Minakshi as Krishnan, so as to get an interview with her that way. And I'll tell my father I have thought over all that he has said, and that I am ready to obey him. Oh, here he is!

(*Enter Mr. Sastri*)

MR. S. (*to himself*).—No, I'll die sooner than forgive him. 'Die', did I say? I'll live for fifty years, just to plague him. His impudence almost put me out of temper. An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy. Who can he take after? I've done with him; he's anybody's son, for me. I never will see him again, never, never, never.

KRISHNAN (*to himself*).—Now for a penitential face.

MR. S.—Fellow, get out of my way.

KRISHNAN.—Sir, you see a penitent before you.

MR. S.—I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

KRISHNAN.—A sincere penitent. I wish to acknowledge my error, and to submit myself entirely to your judgement.

MR. S.—Eh? What's that?

KRISHNAN.—I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

MR. S.—Say that again!

KRISHNAN.—I have also been weighing and balancing what you were pleased to say concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

MR. S.—Well, puppy?

KRISHNAN.—Well, then sir, the result of my reflection is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own, to please you.

MR. S.—Why, now you're talking sense, absolute sense. I never heard such good sense in my life. Confound you, you shall be Kittu again!

KRISHNAN.—How I love to hear the name on your lips!

MR. S.—Why, then Kittu, my dear Kittu, I can now tell you who the lady is. It was only your passion and violence, silly boy, that kept me from telling you at first. You talked so much that I couldn't get in a word. Prepare, Kittu, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What do you think of Leela, the niece of Mrs. Minakshi?

KRISHNAN.—Leela, Mrs. Minakshi. I seem to have heard the names. They live at Kumbakonam, don't they?

MR. S.—No, no, Bangalore. Don't you remember meeting her when I took you to Banglore two years ago?

KRISHNAN.—It's beginning to come back to me. Leela, Leela. Mrs. Minakshi, Mrs. Minakshi. Yes, I've got it. A little dark girl, isn't she? With rather a bad squint?

MR. S.—Squint? Nothing of the sort!

KRISHNAN.—Then I'm afraid I must have forgotten. It can't be the same person.

MR. S.—Kittu, Kittu, what do you think of soft, lovely, blooming seventeen?

KRISHNAN.—Oh, as to all that, sir, I am quite indifferent. If I can please you in the matter, that's all I think of.'

MR. S.—Oh, but, Kittu, such eyes! so innocently wild! And then, Kittu, her cheeks, her cheeks! And, oh! her lips! lips so sweetly merry, or yet more sweetly grave! Oh, Kittu!

KRISHNAN.—And which is to be mine, sir: the niece or the aunt?

MR. S.—Why, you unfeeling puppy, I despise you. At your age, the very thought of her would have set me off like a rocket. The aunt, indeed! Why, when I ran away with your mother, boy, I wouldn't have looked at anything old or ugly, not for all the money on earth!

KRISHNAN.—Not even to please your father, sir?

MR. S.—Pooh, to please my father! Not to please my—Oh, my father. Oh, that's different. If my father had wanted me, that's another matter. Though, Kittu, I hadn't the indulgent, considerate father that you have.

KRISHNAN.—I daresay not, sir.

MR. S.—But, Kittu, you're not sorry, are you, to find that your bride is to be a beauty?

KRISHNAN.—I repeat, sir, that if I can please you in this affair, that's all I ask. Not that I think a woman the worse for being good-looking.

MR. S.—What a sot you are! Taking a chance like this so coolly. I have a great mind to marry the girl myself!

KRISHNAN.—I am at your disposal, sir. If you take the girl, I'll marry the aunt. Or *vice versa*, just as you please.

MR. S.—Upon my word, Kittu, either you are a very great hypocrite, or else—Come, now, you're only pretending, aren't you? You and your demure face, you're lying to me, aren't you? Confess, now, that you've been trying to humbug me. If you haven't been lying to me, I'll never forgive you!

KRISHNAN.—I am sorry, sir, that my respect and duty should be doubted.

MR. S.—Hang your respect and duty! Come on and see Leela for yourself. I must see a man about some business just now, but I'll be back in twenty minutes. Wait for me here. Oh, Kittu! Leela!

(*Exit Mr. Sastri.*)

KRISHNAN.—Thank goodness for that! Now, I must find some way to see Leela before he comes back, and to tell her that I'm Krishnan pretending to be Subbu—no, that's not it: Subbu pretending to be Krishnan. If I can only get her by herself for ten minutes, surely I'll fix it somehow.

(*Enter Mrs. Minakshi reading a letter.*)

MRS. M.—What impudence! (*Bumps into Krishnan*)—Oh, I beg your pardon. Why, you must be Mr. Ranganatha Sastri's son, Krishnan, who is to marry Leela. I am Mrs. Minakshi. She's just coming down, and I wanted to meet you. So! (*looking him over*) If you are Mr. Sastri's son, that is accommodation enough; but I am pleased to see your ingenuity of appearance.

KRISHNAN.—Madam! I have never seen Miss Leela, of course; and my chief motive, in falling in so readily with my father's proposal, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Minakshi, so well known, through Bangalore and beyond, for her intellectual accomplishments.

MRS. M.—Mr. Krishnan, you are the very pineapple of politeness! Do sit down! There are so few gentlemen today who know how to value ineffectual accomplishments in a woman! Ah, well, you know that this silly girl pretends to be in love with a beggarly fellow called Subbu.

KRISHNAN.—Oh, I HAVE heard something about it. I am not prejudiced against her on that account.

MRS. M.—You are very generous. I have done all I could since I exploded the affair. I laid positive conjunctions on her, never to think of the fellow again. Now I have laid Mr. Sastri's proposition before her; but I am sorry to say she refuses every single particle I lay on her.

KRISHNAN.—It must be very distressing for you, madam.

MRS. M.—Oh, it gives me the hydrostatics! I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him, but I have just found a servant taking this note to her, from him! Of course I interceded it.

KRISHNAN (*to himself*).—It's my note! Wait till I can get at that servant!

MRS. M.—I can't contain myself. Read it for yourself.

KRISHNAN (*reading*).—'My soul's idol, my adored Leela!' Very tender!

MRS. M.—Tender! Yes, and profane too. Read on, Mr. Krishnan.

KRISHNAN.—'I am alarmed to hear that a new suitor is being proposed for you'—

MRS. M.—That's you, sir.

KRISHNAN.—'all the more because he has the reputation everywhere of being well-bred, handsome, and delightful company.' He's very generous.

MRS. M.—The fellow must have had some design in writing so.

KRISHNAN.—Perhaps he had. 'As for that old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you'—Now, who could he mean by that?

MRS. M.—Me, sir, me! He means me! What do you think of that? But go on.

KRISHNAN.—'It will be easy to find some way of taking HER in. She is so vain, always behaving as if she were young and killing, and always using long words she doesn't understand'—

MRS. M.—There, sir, an attack upon my language! An aspersion on my parts of speech! The brute! If I reprehend anything in the world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

KRISHNAN.—He deserves to be hanged and quartered! Hm, 'She is so vain'—

MRS. M.—No need to read that again.

KRISHNAN.—I beg your pardon. To continue; 'that she can be easily hoodwinked and in fact I have a scheme already to see you with the old lady's consent, and even to make her my go-between in our interview. The scoundrel!

MRS. M.—He will easily take me in, will he? I'd like to see him try, eh, Mr. Krishnan? We'll see who can scheme best!

KRISHNAN.—So we will, Mrs. Minakshi. A conceited puppy, eh? In fact, I can think of a plan already. Suppose we pretend we don't know anything about this letter, and let him see Miss Leela, and perhaps even arrange to run away with her; and then, at the nick of time, I'll step in and carry her off instead!

MRS. M.—The very thing! Never anything better perpetrated!

KRISHNAN.—And I'll tell you what. Ask her to come down here, and say that Mr. Subbu has come to call!

MRS. M.—Better and better! (*Goes to door*). Leela, come down at once! A Mr. Subbu, to see you. (*To Krishnan*) He'll make me their go-between, will he? I don't wonder you laugh, Mr. Krishnan—his impudence is so ridiculous!

KRISHNAN.—Utterly ridiculous!

MRS. M.—The little hussy won't hear. I'll go at once, and tell her that Mr. Krishnan is here to pay his respects, and she'd better get it over at once. Take me in, will he?

Exit Mrs. Minakshi.

KRISHNAN.—Now, if Leela, dear Leela had a grain of sense, I'd simply tell her the whole story, and there would be no more trouble. But she's such an obstinately romantic little soul that she'd throw me over at once if she knew our elders approved. I must keep up the Subbu-game a little longer, and await developments.

(*Enter Leela*)

LEELA. (*Krishnan stands with his back to her*).—There he is. How unlike my Subbu—so small, and stoops so badly. But he may have a good heart. Shall I tell him that I am unalterably and madly in love

rith another, and plead with him to withdraw his pretensions? Yes! Mr. Krishnan!

KRISHNAN—(*turning*).—Leela!

LEELA.—Oh, heavens, Subbu!

KRISHNAN.—Sh, sh! Don't give me away. Pretend not to be surprised.

LEELA.—For heaven's sake, how do you come to be here?

KRISHNAN.—I have taken in Mrs. Minakshi. I knew that this Krishnan was to come here; I kept him away, never mind how; I came myself, and told your aunt I was Krishnan. And she believes it! You don't mind a man pretending to be someone else, for love's sake, do you?

LEELA.—I adore it.

KRISHNAN.—Listen, Leela, we have no time to lose. Leela, my angel, will you marry me—at once—whether I'm Subbu, or Krishnan, or the man in the moon?

LEELA.—Then, Krishnan, you agree that I should forfeit all my money? You feel, as I do, that money is only a weight on the wings of love? That we'll be better, infinitely better, without it?

KRISHNAN.—Money, Pooh! Come to me as you are, rich only in your own loveliness. And take me, rich as I am only in my love for you.

LEELA.—Oh, divine! Money is so vulgar!

KRISHNAN.—How I hate it!

LEELA. (*turning away, rapt*).:—I could fly with him to Australia!

(*Enter Mrs. Minakshi and listens from the side.*)

MRS. M. (*to herself*).—I want to see for myself how the little hussy behaves.

KRISHNAN.—So thoughtful, Leela! Has your warmth abated?

MRS. M. (*to herself*).—So she's been in a passion, has she?

LEELA.—No, nor ever can while my heart beats.

MRS. M. (*to herself*). So the ill-tempered little devil is to be in a passion all her life!

LEELA.—The idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can have no weight with me.

MRS. M. (*to herself*).—Very dutiful, upon my word!

LEELA.—Let her say what she likes about this Krishnan, my choice is Subbu!

MRS. M. (*to herself*).—What assurance! This to his very face!

KRISHNAN.—Thus let me entreat—(*kneels beside Leela*).

MRS. M. (*to herself*).—Poor man, I wonder at his patience. (*To Leela*). Why, you vixen! I have overheard everything.

KRISHNAN, (*to himself*).—Oh, lord!

MRS. M.—Mr. Krishnan, I don't know how to apologise to you for her shocking rudeness.

KRISHNAN (*to himself*).—Thank goodness! she didn't hear anything after all. (*To Mrs. M.*) I hope, Mrs. Minakshi, that with time and patience—

MRS. M.—There's nothing to be hoped for from her. She's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile. What's wrong with Mr. Krishnan,, you hussy? Isn't he handsome enough for you? Isn't he full of alacrity and adulation? Isn't his physiognomy grammatical?

LEELA.—Not so handsome as my Subbu!

MRS. M.—No caparisons, Miss. They don't become a young lady.

LEELA.—Why, auntie, what do you charge me with now?

MRS. M.—Why, you unblushing rebel, didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another? Didn't you say that Subbu, that scamp Subbu, possessed your heart?

LEELA.—It's true, it's true! And none but Subbu—

MRS. M.—Hold your tongue, Impudence! How can you be so rude?

KRISHNAN.—No, no, Mrs. Minakshi, let her talk on as she chooses. I don't mind it at all, I assure you.

MRS. M.—You are too good, Mr. Krishnan. Come away, Leela. Say goodbye properly, at least.

LEELA.—May every blessing of Love rest on my Subbu, dearest Subbu—

MRS. M.—Hussy! I'll choke the name in your throat!

[*Enter Sastri.*]

MR. S.—Kittu, my boy!

KRISHNAN, (*to himself*).—Done for, by Jove!

LEELA.—Kittu? No, no, Subbu! My adored Subbu!

MR. S.—What can the girl mean? This is my son, Krishnan—Krishnan, who is to marry you.

LEELA.—Subbu, Subbu, Subbu, say you're Subbu!

MR. S.—The girl's mad. This is what cinema-going does. Or, by Jove, has this fellow been playing a trick on us all? Look here, my boy. Who on earth are you?

KRISHNAN.—To tell you the truth, sir, I'm not very clear; I'm just trying to remember! At least, father, I am your son, and I hope that henceforward I shall always behave worthily of you. Mrs. Minakshi, I am your most obedient servant, and I shall be proud to add, affectionate nephew. I need not tell Miss Leela that I am Subbu as well as Krishnan. I pretended to be Subbu, and a poor orphan, to show my love for her; and since I spoke to her of love and of marriage before my father had approved, I think that I have shown that my love is disinterested.

LEELA.—So there will be no elopement after all. No need now for an aeroplane. No shock to anybody. No paragraphs in the papers, unless we pay for them!

MR. S.—Upon my word, Kittu, you are a very impudent fellow. Still, I am glad to know you're not so indifferent to love and beauty as you pretended. 'A little dark girl, isn't she?' 'Rather a squint?' 'Lives at Kumbakonam?' Why, Kittu, you've been taking us in all round!

MRS. M.—Taking us in—oh, lord, a new light begins to break upon me. What, Mr. Krishnan, did YOU write the letters, then? Am I to thank YOU for the elegant compilation of 'old weather-beaten she-dragon?' Mercy, was it you who reflected on my parts of speech?

MR. S.—Come, come, Mrs. Minakshi, we must forget and forgive. What! All our difficulties are over—a marriage on—handsome boy, lovely girl, love, romance—hey, Mrs. Minakshi? (*takes her hand, almost dancing*).

MRS. M.—Well, Mr. Sastri, since you desire it, we will not anticipate the past; so mind, young people, our retrospections will be all to the future.

MR. S:—Come away, Mrs. Minakshi, I'm sure they have plenty to say to one another, and we old fogies would only be in the way. Eh, Kittu? Eye, cheek, lip—what did I say? Come on, come on, leave them to their billing and cooing!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Minakshi and Mr. Sastri.*]

KRISHNAN.—Leela!

LEELA.—Mr. Krishnan!

KRISHNAN (*to himself*).—That was a nasty one. Leela, you know how I love you. Now that our elders have changed their minds, why should we change ours?

LEELA.—To be married like everyone else! So respectable! So dull!

KRISHNAN.—But if we have one another, surely it won't do us any harm to have some money, and some friends and relations, as well?

LEELA.—You have been treating me like a child, humouring my romance, and laughing, I suppose, at your success. I never want to see you again.

KRISHNAN.—Well, you WERE being childish. I loved you in spite of it, and I was sure you would grow out of it. But if you're determined to continue—well, on my word—

LEELA.—This is your photo. I have worn it next my heart. But since you are so cruel—(*tears it*).

KRISHNAN.—Two can play at that game, Miss Leela (*tears a photo*).

LEELA.—You're not a gentleman.

KRISHNAN.—You're not a judge.

(*Re-enter Mr. Sastri and Mrs. Minakshi*)

MR. S.—What's this! This is the oddest billing and cooing I ever heard of!

MRS. M.—For my part, I'm quite analysed!

MR. S.—Kittu, you haven't turned out to be somebody else, have you?

MRS. M.—Are you like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once?

KRISHNAN.—I haven't changed my mind, or anything else. Ask HER for an explanation. *Exit Krishnan.*

MRS. M—Explain, hussy!

(*Leela rushes out.*)

Mr. S.—Well, I'm,—

Mrs. M.—Mercy on us, what can be the cause of this inextricable collusion?

Quick Curtain.

ACT II

A CORNER OF THE HOTEL GARDEN, IMMEDIATELY AFTER

Gama and Balan with boxing-gloves

Balan (*putting on gloves.*)–They're rather hard, aren't they? Couldn't we use something softer?

Gama.—No, but if you like you could use bare fists.

Balan.—Ugh!

Gama.—Oh, I forgot, we ought to have brought a doctor.

Balan.—A doctor!

Gama.—You wouldn't believe how easy it is, even with gloves, to break a rib or a collar-bone. That doesn't matter, of course, if only you can get X-rayed and put in plaster of paris at once. But if you keep on putting out your tongue, as you did when we were sparring, you might get it bitten off; and there would be no way of putting THAT right. And even if you only have a cheek cut open, still, it's the correct thing to have a doctor on the spot. By the way, you'd better give me your address—in case you're knocked out, you know.

Balan.—But it's Subbu who's to be knocked out—you promised!

Gama.—No, no, I promised nothing. You can never be sure.

Balan.—I say, Subbu is late, you know. D'you think it's any use waiting?

Gama.—Oh, we must give him half-an-hour at least. It's only sporting.

Balan.—Sporting! Yes, sporting! I say, Gama, you might just remember to say 'sporting' every now and then. It'll keep up my spirits wonderfully.

Gama.—Meanwhile, just to pass the time, we might as well have a little more sparring.

(*Knocks him down* (*on a concealed mattress*), *says* '*Be sporting*' *etc.*, *ad lib.*)

Gama.—Hullo, here's a man coming. It must be your Subbu.

Balan.—Ooh, he looks very big! Monstrous! I say, Gama, we—we—we won't run away, will we?

Gama.—Run away? What's the matter with you?

Balan.—Nothing's the matter, only, somehow, I don't feel as well as I did. In fact, if you weren't here, Gama, I'd almost think I was afraid!

Gama.—Come on, be sporting!

Balan.—Sporting! Yes, yes, that's it. What was I thinking about? I must be sporting.

[*Enter Krishnan, moody.*]

Gama & Balan.—Why, it's Krishnan!

Krishnan.—Who did you think it was?

Gama.—Subbu. Balan here has a date for a boxing match with Subbu, and he's full of the sporting spirit.

Balan.—Yes, it's a very sporting thing to do, isn't it.

Krishnan.—Oh, Subbu! I'd forgotten about that. Well, there never was a Subbu. I took the name, for a joke—a joke that has gone wrong.

Gama.—So you are Subbu. Well, I suppose Balan can fight you just the same.

Krishnan.—Come on, then. I warn you I'm spoiling to fight someone. Better boxing you than kicking a cat.

Balan.—Yes—no—but, hang it all, I can't fight my friend here.

Krishnan,—You're not afraid, are you?

Balan.—No, not afraid; only I'm not convinced that it would be quite sporting.

Gama.—Come, come, you're all ready for a fight; it would be too bad if you were disappointed now.

Balan.—Oh, I shall bear my disappointment like a philosopher. I didn't take Group 3 in the Inter for nothing!

Gama.—Leave him alone, Krishnan. But if you want a round or two, I'll take you on myself, with pleasure.

Krishnan.—Done! (*Balan hurriedly puts his gloves on Krishnan's hands, tying them tight.*) But I warn you I'm serious. I'm going to pretend to myself that you're Leela, and at the present moment the only thing I want to do in the world, is to knock her head off!

GAMA.—Pooh, your Leela. If you only knew my Minakshi!

KRISHNAN.—I don't know your Minakshi, but if she's fit to hold a candle to my Leela, I'm a Dutchman. Come on!

BALAN (*to himself*).—I don't like this at all. I'll go and fetch the others.

[*Exit Balan; Gama and Krishnan begin boxing.*

Enter Mr. Sastri, Mrs. Minakshi, Leela, Balan.

MR. R.—Hey, Kittu, stop, stop! You're frightening Leela to death!

KRISHNAN.—Is she afraid, sir, that I may be hurt, or that I may not?

MRS. M.—Now, now, Mr. Krishnan, no delusions to the past. Leela's convinced—aren't you, child?

LEELA.—Oh, Krishnan!

MR. R.—Whatever made you fight this unknown gentleman?

KRISHNAN.—He isn't unknown, and he isn't a gentleman; his name is Gama, and he was abusing my Leela!

MR. R.—Mr. Gama, why were you abusing my, I mean his, Leela?

GAMA.—Well, he was abusing my Minakshi.

MR. R.—Eh, Kittu, why did you abuse his Minakshi?

MRS. M.—Your Minakshi! Oh, Gama!

GAMA.—Why, whatever have you got to do with it, old lady?

MRS. M.—'Old lady'! That's not what you called me in your letters!

GAMA.—My letters! What d'you mean? Why, it was this young lady here who wrote to me—(*to Leela*) Minakshi!

MRS. M.—This chit of a girl! What could you see in her? Oh, Gama, I am Minakshi!

GAMA.—You, Minakshi!—Good lord, what DID I say in my letters?

[*Exit Gama, running; Mrs. M. follows.*]

BALAN.—What'll happen to him? Take notice, everyone, I resign all my pretensions to anyone. I don't want anything, I'm off!

[*Exit Balan.*]

KRISHNAN.—So Balan's safe; and as for Gama, he can do 100 metres in ten seconds; he's safe, too. But, father, if you wouldn't mind just following a few yards, to pick Mrs. Minakshi up when she falls down out of breath.

[*Exit Mr. Sastri, on tiptoe.*]

LEELA.—Oh, Krishnan!

[*Krishnan going to embrace her finds he is still wearing the gloves.*]

THE END

SWAN SONG

Along a run of sixty years and five
In vain did I for high ideals strive!
By Heaven's decree condemned to dull routine,
My luckless course, how else could it have been?
I question when my past I contemplate
If human life could be the sport of fate;
But where a thousand sages felt at sea
I fear my venture would a rashness be.
He is a man of wisdom who resigns
Himself to all that Providence assigns,
And seeking not His will to scrutinize
In humbleness by His command abides.
My life was not of troubles wholly free,
Yet much of good I had, O Lord, from Thee.
Grant when my weary soul obtains release
My eyes I close with gratitude and ease.

J. D. TANGASWAMI, B.A.,
Old Boy.

THE POSTMAN KNOCKS!

There is one thing we never tire of, but which we always look forward to with unflagging interest—and that is the daily post, be the clearance once, twice, or even thrice a day.

I often ask myself why this is so. Everyday life affords us manifold diversions. An intimate friend calls, and we entertain him with a most enjoyable programme, we appreciate his piquant humour, and listen to all his exciting experience, devouring it all as gospel truth, just as Charles and Mary Lamb listened to their grandmother Field's narrations in 'Dream Children'. But when he has to leave, we lose half the pleasure of his long-awaited and much-appreciated visit, at the prospect of having to return it some day or other.

We feel the same about a friend who has done us a heroic good turn. We are overwhelmed with gratitude, and strike an attitude of wonder and admiration every time we meet him. Perhaps he has by a great stroke of prudence prevented us from being dragged to Court; or with his knightly chivalry he may have escorted our lost sister home at midnight, or with Herculean strength he may have rescued our drowning brother. We thank him a thousand times. Why! Even his very company becomes indispensable for a time. But with the lapse of a couple of weeks or even months we forget the thrilling incident and the indispensable friend sinks into insignificance and is no longer the one-time 'stalwart hero of our imagination!

And so it is with several other things in life; but there is one thing that is ever bright and ever magnetic. It is the post! I wonder if you ever have said to yourself, 'I don't want a letter today it gives me all the bother of replying'. I don't think the responsibility of replying ever predominates over our interest in receiving it—we just wait and wish for some ray of sunshine to chase away all the unpleasantness and monotony of life. And yet if you see through it clearly, a letter involves just the same responsibility of replying as a visit from a friend. Perhaps the difference is that you hope for good news—that your husband has met with great luck at the Derby Sweep, or that your brother has been the only prize-winner of a bumper Xmas offer in Commonsense Crossword, or that an intimate friend of yours has been made an M.L.C., or even that your old classmate has been blessed with twins.

But more true to reality is the fact that letters bring you information to the contrary. You hear that a very dear friend has been the sad victim of typhoid, that your brother-in-law was nearly drowned at Ennore at a picnic party, that your uncle lost his law-suit. Yet all this disheartening news does not really dishearten you for long. For the moment you sink into a fit of melancholy from which you do not hope to recover in a hurry. But the very next day there you are again anxiously awaiting the same postman, who just the previous day threw you into depression almost bordering on despair!

You receive all sorts of letters, bringing good news, bad news and often no news at all. The letter file is full and awaiting attention. Several replies have to be sent—some interesting, others boring. Very often we fail in our trust and do not reply, thus creating ill-feeling and bad blood. Yet we look forward to the very same postman who burdens us in this fashion. Why is this?

Why do we suffer a feverish longing for news, which not even the newsy newspaper satisfies? We may be in the most enviable company, or we may be in possession of a most luxurious library, or again we may be masters of music. Yet all this pleasure is forgotten when the postman knocks!

The faculty of expectation rests deep in the heart of man. It is an elixir of life. It makes us see the silver lining behind every cloud,—to pick out the gold that is hidden beneath the dross! We thirst for something new, some change, some consolation. Even if we are on the brink of the vast deep Ocean of Disaster, even if we

are being snatched away by its turbid floods, yet as long as there is life in us, we cling to the faint ray of hope until it leads us through a vast labyrinth of sorrow into a dazzling haven of happiness and success. And perhaps one of the greatest manifestations of this faculty in man, is the feverish longing with which he leaps forward when the daily postman knocks.

V. PRICE.

BEHIND THE BLUE BLINDS

Blue has got a beauty of its own. It dominates the other primary colours. It does not fail to attract the attention of a casual observer from the prominent place it occupies in the spectrum. It is pleasing to the eye and exhilarating to the mind.

From time immemorial, it has captured the human mind. The Hindus conceived the chief of their Gods, Vishnu, to be of a bluish complexion. They described the Mother of the Universe as having a blue complexion. Blue appears to be not for mortals like us. Black, red, brown and all combinations of these can be found in the complexion of mortals; but never a blue man or one of the hue of the *neela megha.*

Blue reminds one of the two things—the sky and the sea. Poets use 'Blue' to mean either. Both are all-pervading and all-embracing. Has any one probed into the secrets of the sky—the canopy over our heads? Has the human being been able to dive into the bosom of the sea and discover the secrets that are hidden underneath? They have eluded the human intelligence. The Lord has created them both for the happiness of His children; the sea sings its cosmic song without a pause; the sky having on it the body which is the source of light and the heat to the whole planetary system, showers the sparkling rain for the peace and plenty of all creation. But have they not sprung surprises at the ordinary mortals by raining fire and stone over their heads and dashing their hopes of a safe voyage across the ocean of the universe by sending up mountains from the bosom of the sea?

Indeed it is an illusion to think that we have known or seen what is behind these blue blinds. Of course it has an allusion to the blue eyes which adore the faces of the fair sex. Can any one boast of having successfully penetrated through 'that blue', known what thoughts were hidden behind those alluring eyes?

What is behind these blue blinds?—the abode of peace, health, wealth and happiness. The sky and the sea make your life endurable and happy; so too can those blooming blue eyes. But they have their surprises too which are seldom sprung but in deserving punishment.

Today the advancement of civilisation has brought a new element into being. The sky which poured forth unceasingly and ungrudgingly the life-giving nectar, now sheds brimstone and fire. The sea springs on an unsuspecting crew in the ship a shocking mine. These too originate from behind the blue blinds.

Alas! The window curtains—the blue blinds behind which modern statesmen of much ability sit and discuss—decide the future fate of our universe. From behind these blue blinds are directed the bombs and mines that spell death and destruction all round. Instead of being the abode of peace, they are becoming the arsenals for the destruction of the world. Can any one peep through these blinds and know what awe and misery is being reared behind? This too, seems to elude the human eye.

Until the Lord, in his infinite mercy, effects a metamorphosis and the statesmen sitting behind the blue blinds are prepared to accept the right of every nation to live in this world, until the lust for encroaching upon and exploiting the freedom of weaker nations is done away with, the blue blinds can never have behind them anything good for the Universe.

A. S. KRISHNAMOORTHY,
Honours 5, Branch I.

OMENS—'A THESIS'

'How meaningless are the omens we have!' I exclaimed to Grandpa when I met him in our village last summer vacation.

'They are full of meaning all right, though I cannot vouch for their validity', replied Grandpa.

'Thatha, why should a cobra gliding along your path be auspicious?' I asked.

'Can't you see? The beastly thing could have finished you off, but by God's grace, it didn't. Isn't it auspicious?' asked Grandpa.

'Why should a corpse being carried opposite you be auspicious?'

'For the simple reason that somebody else is dead,' replied Grandpa, 'when it could well have been you, instead of him. It is the joy in still having the torch of life.'

'Why should a bundle of firewood coming opposite you be inauspicious?'

'Because it is an unpleasant reminder of of your end when a heap of wood will consume your body', said Grandpa.

'Why should the ghee merchant and the oilmonger crossing your path be inauspicious?' I asked.

'My boy, this is a poor country and most of us owe money to this gentry. How can your business prosper if you are halted by creditors?' replied my revered grandfather.

'Why is a cow auspicious?'

'Because it is the foster-mother and wet-nurse of mankind, and nothing more auspicious can be thought of.'

'Why are a single Brahmin and a group of Non-Brahmins inauspicious, and a single Non-Brahmin and a group of Brahmins auspicious?'

'Because the Non-Brahmins have been warriors through the ages, a group of them are always bent on mischief and war. So meeting them is somewhat risky. But a single Non-Brahmin will not be going to war and meeting him, therefore, will not be inauspicious. The laws of Hindus require Brahmins to be fed. So, meeting a single Brahmin is inauspicious as you will not only have to feed him, but will have also, often, to return home to do it, leaving the business in hand. Brahmins going in groups would have already found a place for their meal, and would be usually on their march thither. So meeting them is not inauspicious.'

'Why is meeting a widow inauspicious?'

'Because a widow will, usually, be helpless and wanting your help, and you may be detained on your errand by her requests for help.'

With this I stop my thesis as I find no other omens to write a thesis on.

K. Bhaskara,
Class I, Group I-B.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT FOR 1945

In introducing his Report last year, the Principal uttered a complaint that since in a smoothly working College every year is very much the same as every other year, the lot of the writer of reports is a hard one. Those of us who have listened to Mr. Boyd's inimitable reviews of our College life on this occasion year by year, will agree that however similar his material may have been each time, he achieved a variety of presentation and a deftness of style which made the ostensibly prosaic matter of a report into not the least entertaining feature of this meeting. My complaint, therefore, is that I am set the rather unenviable task of trying to plod along where he skipped so lightly.

There is of course one sense in which no review of 1945 could begin with the remark that one year is very like another, for this particular year will for ever stand out in our memories as that which saw the end of the

second world war and the victory of the Allied Nations. This is not the place in which to express again the deep and varied thoughts and emotions which V-E Day and V-J Day brought to us, but it is appropriate to record our thankfulness that through all these six years, our life as a College has gone on unimpaired and almost undisturbed : not quite undisturbed, some of us may remark, as we recollect the numerous morning lecture hours during the first term of the present academic year when the precious pearls of wisdom and learning which fell from lecturers' lips were lost in the roar of 'planes a few feet above our roofs !

Since I am thus referring to the great Naval Air Station which the war caused to spring up on our southern boundary, I should like to record our appreciation of the friendliness and courtesy of these temporary neighbours, and although we are not sorry to have done with the noise of their aeroplanes we shall miss them in many other ways. I may perhaps also mention here that the construction of the aerodrome involved the requisitioning of some 60 to 70 acres of our estate along our southern fence, land which, although not so far built upon, was earmarked for possible future development ; and we are very anxious to know the intention of Government regarding its final disposal. We desire to press very strongly that it should be returned to us, and also that whatever use may ultimately be made of the Air Station as a whole should not be such as to injure the amenities of the College.

To turn to the more ordinary matters which are expected to fill an annual report, I must, I take it, supply some facts and figures concerning examinations and athletics and so forth. It is of course a nice question to decide which of these should have pride of place. There are moments, especially during the opening weeks of this third term of the year, when we undoubtedly live chiefly for the latter, though the shadow of the former is not far away. We never desire in this College to give examination results an undue importance, or to suggest that a high percentage of passes is the sole or main criterion of a College's health. It might therefore be sufficient to say that in the University examination of March and April 1945, we again put up a creditable performance ; but some of you may wish for further details, though it is notorious that statistics (if I may say so without disrespect to Dr. Kibble) may be made to prove anything. I recollect the Prize Day Report of one school in which the Principal proudly claimed 100 per cent success in the Cambridge Senior examinations. Closer enquiry revealed that one pupil had been presented and had managed to pass!

To turn to our own, I hope not equally deceptive, figures, one of the most satisfactory features of the College in recent years has been the steady growth in the number of students in the Honours classes ; and this is not only of benefit to those actually taking Honours but helps to raise the intellectual level of the whole College. In the Honours and M.A. examinations last March, we presented 80 candidates, none of whom failed, though I believe that one or two decided that there is truth in the maxim that 'he who fights and runs away shall live to fight another day.' There were 17 first classes and 34 seconds, with the first rank in the University in B.Sc. Honours Physics and M.A. Economics, and I believe, five out of the first six places in Honours English. For the B.Sc. examination 76 appeared, and all but 9 were successful, the most notable achievement being that of the Chemistry group, in which all the 19 entrants passed, with 8 first and 9 second classes. In the B.A. examination results as usual were not so imposing, but if we count not merely the graduates, but the semi-graduates and the demi-semi-graduates, it may be said that almost all the 81 candidates passed—at any rate in something! Intermediate examination results again were satisfactory, 66 per cent passing completely, with 49 first classes. Most of the latter as usual were in the Mathematics group ; and before we leave the subject of examinations I would like to express a feeling that first classes in Mathematics and the Physical sciences are too easy to get, and those in other subjects too difficult. Although I happen to be a teacher of Physics I hardly

like to suggest that mathematicians and physicists really possess all the brains!

To turn to other fields of conflict, we can again record a 'good' year in games and athletics. The College Sports in February last produced an unusually keen competition, in which St. Thomas's Hall amid terrific enthusiasm, for the first time defeated its rivals. Then for the seventh year in succession we proceeded to run away with the Inter-Collegiate Athletics competition, and contributed the major part of the University team for the Inter-University tournament. Boxing has also been a complete knock-up, the College winning the championship for the eighth successive year with, I believe, 26 points against 3 scored by the runners up. We cannot claim any other actual trophies, but in all the major games—cricket, football, hockey and basket-ball—we have finished either second or third in rank; and our cricketers, who have an unbeaten record this year, were rather unlucky not to come out on top. Their real trouble, in fact, was simply that they scored too many runs when they were put in to bat first!

This very satisfactory record is tribute to the devoted work of the Physical Director, Mr. C. A. Abraham; but more satisfactory still than these Olympian triumphs has been a considerable increase in the amount of games played by the lesser fry. All three Halls have from time to time turned out football teams, and I notice a good deal of unofficial and unorthodox cricket played on the still abandoned tennis courts and elsewhere. Games played thus, purely for the fun of it, and not to win a shield or a pot, are what games should be. We do not want here to encourage the setting up of any more leagues or competitions or trophies, which do sometimes import too intense an atmosphere of rivalry.

The subject of records in athletics may be continued by mentioning that a new one has been established this year in the strength of the College, which has reached a total of 1069—though whether this is anything to be pleased or proud about is more than doubtful. When we first came to Tambaram we set a figure of about 760 as the strength we thought desirable, giving a ratio of approximately 2 : 1 of residents to non-residents; but the pressure for admission, no doubt accentuated by the inflation of these war-time years, has defeated this aim. This year in June for about 500 places available for junior students in the Intermediate and Degree classes, we had more than 2,600 applications. Of course most of those who did not obtain admission here did so elsewhere; but many aspirants apparently could find no further foothold on the educational ladder—or some may think a more apt metaphor might be 'no further room on the moving assembly line of the educational mass production factory'. Although we feel convinced that these swollen numbers in a College are wrong, we did in this College, as a gesture in response to the public outcry, admit a special additional section to the Junior Intermediate class in Group iii.

These figures at any rate will convince you that the task of those making the admissions is no easy one; and it is not made any lighter by the almost unanimous desire of everyone to study Science, and particularly, at the moment, Chemistry. This is a scientific age, and no doubt a scientific bias among the young is inevitable; but the fact remains that both as a liberal education and as a preparation for many professions such as law or public administration, the study of an Arts subject like History or Philosophy has a great deal in its favour. I would appeal to all who have any occasion to advise students over the selection of their courses not to let them follow merely sheepishly in the stampede for science, but to consider the real value and appeal of the Humanities. It is a real tragedy to see, as not infrequently happens, students with the type of mind which might do quite well in a literary subject, struggling with the intricate behaviour of x and π or the surprising results of mixing substance A with substance B in a test tube.

Time will not permit me to make more than a brief reference to many other sides of our full and varied life. The U.O.T.C. under Captain Parthasarathy and his

officers has continued to instil discipline and smartness into the fortunate ones who join its ranks. The Rural Service League has maintained its valuable activities, with several new developments in rural industries at the Centre, which was again used for the conduct of a Rural Service training course during the Long Vacation. Among other things it has also been responsible for re-starting a primary school in one of the neighbouring villages dispossessed by the aerodrome. The various debating societies have continued to debate with the customary admixture of oratory and noise, the musical societies to be musical, and the Dramatic Societies to be dramatic (though I must not pass this without reference to a fine performance of Ibsen's 'Doll's House' last term); and in short, life has been full of opportunities to work and to play, to do and to learn, to act and to think, for all who will use them.

If I refer almost as the last item in this Report to changes in the Staff, it is of course only because the Staff with their usual modesty would not desire to assume a more prominent place. The temporary absence of the Principal has already been mentioned and is sufficiently obvious at this moment. He has not been idling away his furlough, you may be glad to know, but has been acting temporarily as Chaplain of his old University, Glasgow. The need for a temporary lecturer in English in his place was obviated by the return of Mr. G. C. Martin from his three years' war service with the Y.M.C.A. To him and to Mrs. Martin and the little Martins—of all them—we extend a warm welcome home.

Mr. M. A. Thangaraj is pursuing higher studies amid the winter snow of Toronto, where he has gone on two years' study leave with the Vincent Massey scholarship, and his place in the Physics Department has been taken by Mr. J. S. Jesudhasan. To deal with the English and Scripture of the special section in Class I we have been pleased to reckon temporarily among our members Rao Bahadur V. P. Adiseshiah, former Principal of Voorhees College. With regret I have to report that at the beginning of the present academic year Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan found that his health would not permit him to continue the devoted service to the College which he has given for thirty years, and he is at present on sick leave preparatory to retirement. I am sure that we should all on this occasion like to pay a warm tribute to Mr. Lakshminarayanan and to wish him complete recovery. Dr. Joshua has assumed charge of the Zoology Department and Mr. V. Ananthanarayan has joined it as lecturer.

Finally I must add a word about finance, though I have nothing more to say about it than was said by Mr. Boyd last year. I might link it to mention of the Staff by observing that teachers have probably had less help in these inflationary times than any other class in the community. The trifling dearness allowance which is all that College finances have been able to offer is a mere token in relation to the rise in the cost of living, but nothing more is possible in the absence of any substantial increase in College income. While rice is three or four times the pre-war price, education is as cheap as ever, there has been no appreciable increase in Government help, and the balancing of the College budget has been as dependent as ever on the receipt of the grants, amounting to Rs. 58,000 a year, from the contributing churches and societies overseas. That these have been continued during all the stress of war is a matter for gratitude, and a tribute to the vision and steadfastness of purpose of those who believe that a College such as this, which is rooted in faith in God as revealed in Jesus Christ, has a real contribution to make to education in India. It is our hope and prayer that whatever changes may come to this great country—and we all desire that they may be both speedy and peaceful—Colleges such as this will be allowed to continue their work and witness and will continue to receive the confidence and the support of the people.

COLLEGE NOTES

Our Principal

We have received with deep joy the unofficial news that our Principal, now on furlough in Scotland, has been granted the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity by his own University, Glasgow. We congratulate him as well as ourselves for the singular distinction, and we are looking forward to the return of Dr. Boyd before the beginning of next term.

Furloughs

Our Acting Principal, Mr. Platten, is expecting to leave for Britain with his family on furlough at the end of this term. So also is Mr. Macnicol, whose furlough is now overdue by two years. We understand there is some uncertainty about their getting passages immediately. We hope, however, that they will succeed in securing them in the near future. We wish them a comfortable and speedy voyage home and look forward to their return after a year renewed and refreshed in body and mind.

Recent retirements from the staff

Owing to practical difficulties, prominent among which was the acute scarcity of paper, it has not been possible for us to record at any great length our appreciation of the services rendered to the College by some members of our permanent staff who left us since the beginning of 1944. We take this opportunity to convey to them our good wishes and to say something about the value of their connection with this College.

Reckoning by length of service, Mr. M. S. Sabhesan, M.A., till recently Associate Professor and Head of the Botany Department, comes first. Mr. Sabhesan joined the staff of the College as early as February, 1910. In 1932, he became Associate Professor. He was due to retire in March 1943, but as the College was badly in need of his expert help in the Botany Department for some more time, he generously consented to continue work till March 1944, when his connection with the College formally came to an end.

Mr. Sabhesan was one of the most prominent among the veterans of the older generation. His fame as a teacher of Botany has spread all over South India, and his textbook of Botany for Intermediate students is the best of its kind so far produced. His method of teaching was unique. He believed in the value of making his students love the subject and his lectures were memorable for their inspiring influence. Mr. Sabhesan was a keen disciplinarian, but generations of students have affirmed that their feelings towards him were those of respectful affection and not fear.

Mr. Sabhesan's uprightness of character and his eagerness to do good made him a valuable asset not only to his students and colleagues, but also to the teaching profession in the South. His colleagues used to seek his advice on every matter of importance. As President of the South India Teachers' Union he has been rendering invaluable service to the profession by his guidance and help. We honour Mr. Sabhesan today as a great teacher, a good man and an esteemed public worker. We wish him in his retirement, the rest and the happiness he so richly deserves.

Mr. L. N. Subramanian, M.A.,L.T., who retired as Associate Professor of Mathematics in March 1944, joined the College in July 1914, becoming Associate Professor of Mathematics in August 1932. A brilliant mathematician, he had at the same time the rare gift of pleasing exposition, and his classes were always spicy and interesting.

Mr. Subramanian was most open-hearted in disposition and spoke out what he thought and felt without hesitation or fear. He hated hypocrisy in all its forms and always stood by what he considered to be right. His frankness endeared him to all who came to know him intimately. Mr. Subramanian was also well known for his abundant sense of humour and his perennial cheerfulness. He remarked to friends before he left Tambaram that the greatest benefit he had derived from his work as a teacher

was a certain youthfulness of outlook which was due to constant association with the young. May he continue long to be what he should most like to be—the Eternal Boy!

In March 1944, we had to bid farewell to Mr. T. V. Venkatachari, Associate Professor of Physics, who had been connected with the College from October 1924. Mr. Venkatachari was a reputed teacher of Physics and his text-book of Intermediate Physics has been popular throughout South India.

Mr. Venkatachari was of a quiet and retiring disposition, modest and unassuming in his manners. Perhaps there were not many in the College who had come to know him intimately, but to those who had the good fortune of enjoying his intimacy, his goodness and affability were striking. Everyone in the College had great respect for him as a teacher and as a gentleman. We wish him all joy in his retirement.

Another very noticeable retirement from the staff was that of Mr. E. J. Bingle, M.A., Professor of History, after nineteen years of distinguished service. Mr. Bingle joined the staff in September 1925, as a representative of the Methodist Church. When he went home to England on furlough in March 1944, it was hoped that he would return after a year with renewed vigour, but family circumstances, mainly the education of his children, made it necessary for him to stay back.

Mr. Bingle made his mark as a profound scholar, an able teacher and a good speaker. He was an able exponent of Political Science. He made a very great contribution to the spiritual side of our College life and served for some time as Warden of Selaiyur Hall and for many years as Bursar. Mr. Bingle was also a brilliant conversationalist and was full of sparkling humour. His radio talks from A.I.R., Madras, won the appreciation of all listeners and critics. Mr. Bingle's place in the life of the College cannot easily be filled; while his wife will be greatly missed by the College community as a whole, especially by the Staff Wives' Fellowship and by the workers in the Tambaram Welfare Centre.

Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan, M.A., till recently Associate Professor and Head of the Zoology Department, is another of the eminent Victorians who have recently left us. Joining the College in August 1914, he was made Associate Professor in 1932. In the normal course of things, he should still have been working with us, but on account of ill-health he has gone on leave preparatory to retirement. We wish him in the first place a speedy recovery and the restful quiet he has earned by years of devoted service.

Mr. Lakshminarayanan has been one of the most popular teachers of Zoology. The thoroughness of his knowledge of the subject and the lucidity and vigour of his exposition are well known. There was neatness and precision in all that he did. Like all good teachers, he was also a stern disciplinarian, but the pleasantness of his manners always made his classes most enjoyable.

To his colleagues, Mr. Lakshminarayanan was a most amiable friend. He had a winning charm in his speech and behaviour which appealed to every one. His jokes and anecdotes will be remembered by all who knew him. We wish him an abundant measure of the happiness and light which he himself has been radiating all round.

Early in February, we bade good-bye to Mr. T. K. Rajasekharan, M.A., Lecturer in Mathematics, who left us to take up a higher appointment in his native country, Ceylon. Mr. Rajasekharan had worked in our midst for twenty-two years, having joined the staff of this College in June 1924. Mr. Rajasekharan has been one of the most dynamic and prominent figures in the social life of the College. He was, for many years, Secretary of the Staff Association, and at the time of his leaving, he was in charge of the Book Club, Chairman of the Model Village Recreation Club and President of one of the Hall messes. There was no good cause which did not get Mr. Rajasekharan's support. His friendliness and the charm of his personality were such that he was liked by everyone alike, and as several of his colleagues have remarked, no one has ever succeeded in quarrelling with him. A person like Mr. Rajasekharan is bound to be happy wherever he is and bound to make all around

him happy. We wish him many years of useful and joyous service in Jaffna.

Mr. E. Divien, B.A. (Hons), Lecturer in French, is leaving us at the end of this term after thirteen years of valuable service.

Mr. Divien has earned great reputation as a teacher of French. His work has always been characterised by earnestness and thoroughness; he has given of his best to the institution. Mr. Divien's services have been frequently required by the University to teach for the Diploma Course in French. By temperament, Mr. Divien is quiet and retiring, but those who have come to know him well will bear witness to his friendliness and his faith in the higher values of life. We wish him all joy and success in his new place in Loyola College.

LIST OF PREACHERS AT THE COLLEGE SERVICE

First Term

1st July	...	Rev. T. G. Platten
8th July	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail
15th July	...	Mr. G. C. Martin
22nd July	...	Rt. Rev. John Timotheus
29th July	...	Dr. W. F. Kibble
5th August	...	Rev. Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah
12th August	...	Rev. Paul Ramaseshan
19th August	...	Rev. B. Clutterbuck
26th August	...	Mr. S. P. Adinarayan
2nd September	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol

Second Term

30th September	...	Rt. Rev. Bishop Hollis
7th October	...	Mr. G. C. Martin
14th October	...	Rev. T. G. Platten
21st October	...	Rev. J. E. L. Newbigin
28th October	...	Rev. Canon S. S. Clarke
4th November	...	Rev. Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah
11th November	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol
18th November	...	Rev. John Piet
25th November	...	Dr. W. F. Kibble
2nd December	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail

Third Term

6th January	...	The Rev. T. G. Platten
13th ,,	...	The Rev. S. Samuel
20th ,,	...	The Rev. G. E. Hickman-Johnson
27th ,,	...	Mr. G. C. Martin
3rd February	...	Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah
10th ,,	...	The Rev. R. S. Macnicol
17th ,,	...	The Rev. C. E. Paul
24th ,,	...	The Ven. Archdeacon of Madras
3rd March	...	Dr. W. F. Kibble
10th ,,	...	The Rev. J. R. Macphail

THE COLLEGE PRIZE LIST FOR 1945

FIRST CLASS

The Lord Pentland Prize	...	J. A. Quinn.
The West Coast Prize	...	J. A. Quinn.
Amjud Prize	...	George Mathew.
Group i	...	S. Ramaswamy.
,, ii	...	B. Gowri Sankar.
,, iii	...	S. Krishnamurthi.

SECOND CLASS

The Junior Miller Prize	...	B. P. R. Vithal.
The Mathai Prize	...	M. P. Kamath.
The Craig Prize	...	M. D. Goulding.
Illayalwar Chetti Silver Medal	...	T. A. Ramachandran.

The Chinnaswami Pillay Prize ...	V. K. Subramanian.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize ...	M. Krishnamurthi.
Group i *The Ramiah Gold Medal and Prize.*	M. Kurien.
" ii ...	C. S. Kalyanasundaram.
" iii *The Amjud Gold Medal* ...	S. Venkatachari.

III B.A.

The Gunn Gold Medal ...	P. Janardhana Menon.
The Ethiraja Pillai Prize ...	J. Gopalakrishnan.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize ...	M. Narayanamurthi.
Group i ...	B. C. Moses.
" ii *The Sir Krishnan Nair Prize* ...	G. Joy.
" iv *The Russell Prize* ...	(1) E. A. Narayanan. (2) P. Janardhana Menon.
The Padmanabha Menon Prize ...	Miss C. A. John.

IV B.A.

The Miller Gold Medal and Prize ...	V. Achutha Menon.
The Elizabeth Miller Gold Medal ...	K. C. Thomas.
The Ripon Gold Medal ...	M. A. Sathianathan.
The Setupati Gold Medal ...	K. Kumaraswami.
The Sanskrit Prize ...	P. V. Subramanian.
The Skinner Gold Medal and Prize ...	S. Krishnamachari.
The Rajagopala Rao Prize ...	S. Krishnamachari.
Group i *The Ross Prize* ...	S. Krishnamachari.
" ii *The Aberdeen Prize* ...	T. Krishnaswamy.
" iv *The Thurso Prize* ...	K. C. Thomas.

III B.Sc.

Group ii ...	P. M. Varughese.
" iii ...	N. Srinivasaraghavan.
" iv ...	M. S. Srinivasan.
" v ...	C. H. Narayanan.

IV B.Sc.

Group ii ...	R. Mallikarjunan.
" iii ...	P. Madhavan Nair.
" iv ...	V. S. Krishnan.
" v *The Buckie Prize* ...	C. J. Sundaram Daniel.

HONOURS CLASSES

The Morren Gold Medal and Prize ...	C. V. Krishna Reddy.
The Miller Philosophy Prize ...	K. A. Sumitran.
The Kellett Prize (English) ...	S. Mallikarjunan and C. P. Anantavasudevan.
" *(History)* ...	Miss E. Theophilus.
Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar Prize (Economics) ...	Miss Indira Hensman
The Elizabeth Miller Prize for Scripture knowledge.	J. Ramakrishnan.
Kora Eapen Prize ...	M. E. Mathai.
Peter Cator Prize ...	No award.
Manya Ramanathaiya Prize ...	R. Venkateswaran.

SPECIAL

Hoare Prize ...	P. N. Nilakantan Nambisan.
Miller Centenary Medal and Prize ...	B. Venkataraman.

BOOK REVIEWS

Practice and Principles of Jesus. By J. C. Kumarappa.

Publishers: Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad.

The scope of this booklet is suggested by its contents: Canons of Interpretation; The Law and the Prophets; For this cause I came into this world; After this manner pray ye; Get thee behind me, Satan; Behold, I send you; Commandments of men; A parable. The author makes a survey of Biblical criticism, Christian theology, ethics and practice in a small booklet. He says in the preface that it is not the product of a philosopher or a scholar in Christian theology. But he leaves unscathed the following remarks of Mr. M. K. Gandhi in the foreword:

'Mr. Kumarappa writes with confidence born of a living faith in the belief that the West, though nominally Christian, has not known the true Jesus of the Gospels.

In 'Canons of Interpretation' the author is right when he emphasises the necessary relation between 'belief' and practice, but he is wide off the mark when he says that the practice of the oriental teachers and devotees, of identifying themselves with the Godhead, is the thought of the fourth Gospel. Chapter I is a very brief account of the Law and the Prophets, but the author gets into deep waters in the next chapter, 'For this cause I came into the world.' In the section 'He came to bear witness', the author begins with theology and ends with ethics identifying the two. In the section 'Jesus came, that every one that believeth on Him may have eternal life' he thinks that belief has only one aspect—good deeds—and ignores entirely the other aspect—faith in Jesus Christ. His conclusion that the advent of Jesus was to reveal the Fatherhood of God and the consequent universal Brotherhood of Man omits the fulcrum of Christianity—the personality and the saving power of Jesus. In chapter III the author gives a clear and lucid exposition of some aspects of the Sermon on the Mount; but the statement that flesh-eating is still the hall-mark of Christendom is ridiculous. In the next chapter he says, when God's will is done on earth there can be no injustice, social, political and economic. This implies that the Kingdom of God is realisable on this earth. In this world there will ever be tension between some form of good and evil. This can be overcome completely only in the transcendental world. Chapter V gives a clear analysis of the temptations of Jesus Christ. The use of professional terms, 'terms of service', 'status', etc., to explain 'Behold, I send you forth' brings Jesus Christ to the level of businessmen. 'Behold, I send you forth' is a Divine Imperative. Jesus Christ is God made flesh. This truth is absent throughout the book.

In the section 'The Acid Test' the author makes 'good deeds' again the sole criterion of the messenger of Christ. The Christian messenger has two wings, one of which is no doubt 'good deeds', but the other wing 'faith in Jesus Christ' is entirely ignored by the author and this wing is the foundation of his life. In chapter VIII the author discusses the relation between the authority of God and the commandments of men. We agree with him when he says that the authority of God is final. I don't think any Christian takes an exception to this.

His explanation (I Peter iii. 1-14) where St. Peter wants the wives (Christians) to be subject to their husbands (Jews—non-Christians) is worth remembering in India where inter-religious marriages have begun. St. Peter wants the wives to win over their husbands by their meekness, chastity and quiet spirit. We cannot agree with the author when he says that (1) the sex instinct will be completely erased on being born again; (2) the individual is sovereign always in relation to the social, political and economic order.

In the last chapter the author says that the goal of all religions is the same. It is a surprise that a scholar like Dr. Kumarappa has been caught in the meshes of this superficial formula of religion. Is the goal of the Advaitin, the Buddhist, the Jain and the Christian the same? The statement that the goal of all religions is

the same is due to a very superficial study of religion.

A Short Survey of Malayalam Literature. By Dr. K. Godavarma, M.A., PH.D. (London), University of Travancore.

This booklet, as the title shows, gives a bird's eye view of Malayalam literature. It was prepared to be read at the All-India Writers' Conference held at Jaipur recently. There are quite a few works on the history of Malayalam literature, but the most prominent among them are those written by the late P. Govinda Pillai and R. Narayana Panickar. If a non-Malayalee wishes to know something of Malayalam literature, he has to depend on the small book written by T. K. Krishna Menon. But none of these books says anything about the modern writers and about the new tendencies in Malayalam literature. The pamphlet under review is thoroughly up-to-date and therefore is most welcome to any one who is interested in Malayalam literature.

It is divided into four parts. In the first, the author has surveyed the whole range of Malayalam literature under five headings, based on a chronological background. They are (1) The Puranic age; (2) The age of Kathakali and Thullal; (3) The age of the Drama and Mahakavya; (4) The age of transition and (5) The modern age. In part II, the various Branches of literature like poetry, drama, novel, short story, essay, biography and general prose including criticism are dealt with. I was particularly impressed with the chapter on the short story. To quote Dr. Godavarma, 'the short story in Malayalam has made tremendous progress in the selection of plots and in the technical tricks by which authors have been able to transmit their personalities interestingly and forcibly.' Without any exaggeration, one can say that unlike biography and literary criticism, there are short stories in Malayalam which can equal or even excel some of the best short stories of the world. Parts III and IV are very short. In the former, how far Malayalam literature is dependent on other literatures is considered, and in the latter the author gives a list of the chief literary organisations of Kerala and their main activities.

Dr. Godavarma deserves to be congratulated on the excellent arrangement of the various topics and the suggestive remarks on the distinctive features of Malayalam literature. One would rightly wish that he wrote an exhaustive history of Malayalam literature on similar lines.

K. M. GEORGE.

HALL REPORTS

Bishop Heber Hall

The first event to be mentioned in the life of the Hall this year is the Non-residents' Social. It was attended by a large number of students and members of the staff. We had tea and played games in the quadrangle in spite of a light shower which, far from spoiling the function, only demonstrated the happy fellowship among us and our determination to be happy.

We were able to form a Cricket Club this year following in the footsteps of St. Thomas's Hall. We are proud to report that we also won a victory over the Vandalur Rangers of St. Thomas's Hall—the pioneers being thus defeated by their followers.

The Hall Day, for which we began preparations early in the second term, was celebrated on the 10th November, 1945. It rained cats and dogs on the previous night, and every member of the Hall was filled with gloomy apprehensions. The day that followed was most unpromising. The function began, as usual, with the commemoration service in our Chapel. The Rev. D. Chellappa delivered the address. In the afternoon all members were out in the quadrangle busy making arrangements. In spite of the threatening weather it was decided to have the meeting and the entertainment in the lawn. The risk was great as it was drizzling throughout, but our faith was justified by our ability to go on to the end. Dr. B. Viswanath, Director of Agriculture, Madras, was the chief guest. The Warden welcomed the guests. The General Secre-

tary's report was followed by a very instructive presidential address. The acting Principal, our former Warden, tried to speak impartially, but one could see how happy he was to be in his old hall. The entertainment was much appreciated by the audience, and when we all stood up at the end for jana-gana-mana, every face beamed with happiness.

We are glad to report that we won back the Inter-Hall Athletic Shield leading with a fair margin from the runners-up. King, Unnikrishnan and all other competitors deserve our congratulations. The victory was celebrated by lusty cheering and shouting. The Hall-peon, Devadas, also let himself go, standing well-clad at the entrance of the hall and frantically ringing the bell used generally for the unpleasant purpose of roll-call. The Warden and the members of the staff entertained us later, trying to sing 'John Brown's baby has a cold upon its chest.'

We hope to do well in the ensuing University examinations.

P. Dharmagnany,
General Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

There have been two changes in the Hall Committee since the last report was published. Mr. Quinn was elected Secretary of the European Mess and Mr. K. S. Krishnamurti as the Secretary of the Literary and Debating Activities Society.

After the reopening of the Hall for the third term an intense wave of excitement struck the Hall as the day of Gandhiji's visit to Madras and the Hall Day came nearer and nearer. During the ten days that Gandhiji stayed at Madras, the Hall was deserted in the evenings when all flocked into Mambalam to have Mahatmaji's 'darshan'.

In the sphere of athletics and sports we fared better than last year. We regained the Basket Ball Shield, and special mention should be made of Rajasekharan who played brilliantly in the Finals. In the College Sports, we moved up to the second place, and we hope to move up to the top next year. We congratulate the Heberians for knocking off the shield this year. We sympathise with St. Thomas's Hall for the double loss they have sustained. Two of our foot-ballers, E. J. John and E. Canagalingam, were chosen to represent the 'Varsity. For the 'Varsity Cricket team four went in from our Hall—J. Sydney, N. Kannaiyiram, R. M. Perumal and Balu Alaganan, the last two being chosen to represent the Province in the Ranji Trophy tournament. M. Kagwa, who won the 400 metres Hurdles in the Inter-'Varsity meet at Saidapet, was sent up to the All-India Olympics.

The Hall Day came off on the 2nd Feb., with Mrs. P. V. Cherian, B.A., as the chief guest. Everything went off smoothly, and I wish to take this opportunity to thank every member of the Hall for helping to make it a success.

During the last two terms we had some R. A. F. boys who had their dinner with us and spent a few hours in the Hall. We are glad to have come to know them.

Balu Alaganan,
General Secretary

St. Thomas's Hall

The reopening of the College this term saw us busy preparing for the Hall Day and the College Sports. The frenzied preparations culminated in a successful Hall Day on 19th January. Dr. B. B. Dey was the chief guest on the occasion. The tea and the public meeting were followed by a good entertainment which could not be spoilt even by the unexpected rain. Our Entertainment Secretary, Venkatarao Saheb, deserves our hearty congratulations. Among the items, the sketch 'Peace' and the dance items by K. P. Balakrishnan, popularly called Balaji, have to be specially mentioned. We congratulate all those who contributed to our success. The Tamil play was a brilliant performance of the latest work by a famous old member of St. Thomas's, Mr. Sundararaman. Mention should also be made of John Chandran who was at his best as the Scamp.

We lost the athlelic Shield in the College sports. But the earnest efforts of our

captain, V. M. Mathew, were rewarded by our winning the relay-race and our being able to send K. T. Kuruvilla for the Inter-University sports.

Meanwhile we are coming rapidly to the close of a happy year and I thank all members of the Hall for their co-operation, and wish them the best of luck in the examinations and in later life.

GEORGE CHERIAN,
General Secretary.

SOCIETIES

Madras Christian College Rural Service League

The League has to report another very active and busy term. Its four Rural Service unions have been carrying on their work despite the decreased interest on the part of members. A great deal of propaganda has been done to popularise the first day elementary school that the League has started in the area comprising Tiruvancheri, Kadappare, etc. Starting with an attendance of 30 Harijan boys and 12 girls it became very big and popular. Towards the end of December 1945, the Military gave us the use of a building not used by them for school purposes in the aerodrome. This attracted all the caste children also and the attendance number is nearly 100. The teacher, who is a fully trained man, is very popular and the work of the members of the League among the villagers helped to fill both the night school and the day school run by the teacher. But the aerodrome authorities have taken back the building, and the school at the moment is even without a hut to house it. At present they are meeting under a tree in the village. The Agaram Road Union has not been functioning this year, but its villages, Mappedu village and Cheri, are regularly visited by the members. The Mappedu and Trivancheri villagers have been petitioning through us to move to the road site. We are moving the Government in that matter.

The work in the Rural Centre is being regularly carried on. The Industrial School has now two full-time masters and a strength of 30 boys and girls. They are learning spinning, weaving and other handicrafts besides the 'three Rs'. The weaving section is supplying the students and the public with dhoties, sarees, shirting cloth, towels etc. with 6 looms. It supports eight villagers. The hand-pounded rice industry has been working steadily all through last term employing 5 villagers. The hand-made paper industry is making card-boards and paper and produced very good Christmas and New Year cards. It employs 6 villagers. The Garden Section has been turning out a steady supply of vegetables mainly through the help of the Labour Squad. The Bee-keeping and poultry farms after repeated failures are going to be started afresh. We are also introducing carpentry as a bye-occupation. The five acres of the sewage farm are under cultivation and are producing very good variety of paddy.

The Rural Service League ran very good rural exhibitions at both Bishop Heber Hall and St. Thomas's Hall, Hall-days. The presentation of hand-made paper and cloth made to the Chairman was greatly appreciated. At the St. Thomas's Hall exhibition there were arresting drawings and painting, depicting the poverty of village life.

The League is faced with a series of very serious problems which require your help. The League is solely responsible for running two day schools and four night schools in the villages. It has to pay four day-school teachers and four night-school teachers. It is therefore essential that subscription should be regularly paid and those who have not been approached are requested to make payments to the Hall Union Secretary; otherwise the teachers will starve. Secondly we are immediately facing the problem of a building for our elementary school. We need for this Rs. 1,000. If any old student of the College donates this, it will be a real help. Thirdly, the aerodrome which was

employing about 5,000 villagers has now closed down. There are thousands of our villagers now unemployed. We are doing two things:—(a) expanding our industries and for this we again want more money; (b) approaching the Government to start some public work project to provide at least 1,000 villagers employment. Fourthly the food situation has become very serious in our villages. They have to stand for hours in a queue and at the end many of them have to go without rice. The price has shot up considerably. We have approached the Collector to allot to us 400 bags of rice a month, so that we may ration this out through non-agricultural, non-factory labourers. Finally we would like to call your attention to the very great threat of famine, unemployment, and disease facing our villages during the coming years. It is more than ever necessary that every one of us in India should play some part in meeting the terrible problem facing us. That is the constructive contribution that all can make to the freedom of our motherland.

J. A. GNANAM,
General Secretary.

K. P. RAMAKRISHNAN
K. C. THARMAMONY } *Union Secretaries*
M. S. DHANA RAJ

English Honours Association

On the 23rd October, Miss E. Rivett of the Women's Christian College spoke about 'Australian Poetry'. Aided by her patriotism, she did full justice to her subject. Rev. J. R. Macphail, who presided on the occasion, introduced the speaker in his quiet, humorous way.

A few weeks later a debate was held when V. Balasubramaniam and J. W. Frederick moved and seconded the proposition that 'In the judgement of a work of art, morality should have no place.' The opposition was led by V. N. Cyril and C. T. Benjamin. Among those who spoke were B. Deva Rao and G. Raghavan. The proposition was lost when put to vote. Mr. K. R. Chandrasekharan, who presided, analysed the *pros* and *cons* very clearly and concisely.

On the 17th January 1946, Mrs. J. Philips spoke about 'The Happy Ending in Literature.' Her talk was interesting and informative. The President of the Association, Mr. G. C. Martin, presided on the occasion. The Valedictory meeting is yet to come.

CYRIL V. NAINAN,
Secretary.

The Mathematics Association

The second term started with a lecture by Dr. Vijayaraghavachariar of Dacca University on Tuesday the 7th Oct. 1945 with Dr. W. F. Kibble in the chair. He spoke on 'HOW TO STUDY MATHEMATICS' and gave excellent suggestions on how to approach and tackle mathematical problems. Also at the end he gave an easy solution of a problem based on Fermat's theorem, by the 'Proof by Catalysis'.

On Monday, the 12th November 1945, Mr. A. Venkataraman of Hons. iv, Br. i, read a paper on the 'EVALUATION OF "π". Mr. C. T. Rajagopal, M.A., presided. The student-speaker explained how the ancient Indian mathematicians evaluated 'π', independent of the usual methods used to prove it. The meeting came to a close after a brief explanation from the chair.

The third meeting for the term was held on Monday the 19th November 1945, when Dr. Sreenivasan of our College gave an interesting talk on 'ANCIENT INDIAN ASTRONOMY'. Dr. W. F. Kibble presided. He concluded his speech with a request to the Mathematics students that they should try to work out the errors in the Current Indian Calendar so as to keep it up to date in the future at least.

The last meeting for the term was held on Tuesday the 27th November, when the REV. Father Racine, S.J., D.SC., of Loyola College, spoke on 'Non-Euclidean Geometry'. Dr. W. F. Kibble presided.

The activities for the third term began with a lecture by DR. R. C. Bose, one of the delegates to the Indian Science Congress, recently held in Bangalore, during his short stay in Madras. He spoke on 'STATISTICAL PROBLEMS,' dealing with Wall's 'Sequential Test' in detail.

Members of the Association were 'At Home' to Mr. T. K. Rajasekaran, M.A., on the eve of his leaving our College, to accept a new appointment. We wish him long life and every success.

With some more meetings and a Valedictory address, the activities of the association for the academic year, will come to a close. I have one more duty to perform, that is, to thank the President and members of the Association with whose earnest co-operation we have had an active year. Finally, I take this opportunity for wishing the Final Year Students every success in the ensuing examinations, and in their after-career.

K. P. CHANDRASEKARAN,

Secretary.

The Philosophy Association

In the beginning of the second term, the members of the Association went on an excursion to Mahabalipuram, which was a delightful experience. In the course of the term, George Clery read a paper on 'My First Syllogism' and Mrs. Joseph spoke on 'Amboe, the highest order in Creation'.

The highlight of our activities in the second term was an Inter-Collegiate debate held on 7th November with Capt. S. Parthasarathy as speaker. The proposition debated upon was that 'In the opinion of this House, survival after death has been proved'. Speakers from the Women's Christian College, Pachaiyappa's College and our College took part.

During the third term, Miss A. Ninan read a paper, 'What is wrong with me?' Deacon Geeverghese read one on 'Co-conscious and alternating Personalities', and Miss A. Jacob, one on 'Outside the Studio'. We hope to have some more ordinary meetings before the valedictory one.

Under the auspices of the Madras Philosophical Association, a meeting was held in our College at which Prof. Adinarayan spoke on 'Europe looks at India'.

I express my sincere thanks to our President for his considerate guidance and to all members for their co-operation.

N. ANANTARAMAN,

Secretary.

The History and Politics Association

Despite our attempts to resume work right in earnest, external forces made it impossible until the end of October. On November 1st, Mr. T. Chengalvaroyan, Advocate and Corporation Councillor, Madras, addressed the Association on 'The Constituent Assembly—Its Theory and Practice.' The learned speaker made special reference to India and said that the Indian Constituent Assembly must be freely and directly elected by the people and that it must be given wide powers. Mr. V. Titus Verghese presided.

We realized the value of self-help much better this term and arranged for more seminars. On November 9, Mr. James Sudarsanam, P. G. II, Br. III, read a detailed and critical paper on the 'Future Constitution of France'. The paper was specially appreciated in view of the recent constitutional changes and their outcome, *viz.*, the French Constituent Assembly in France. Mr. J. Vedasiromani presided and cleared many doubts.

In the 2nd week, Mr. Jilani led a Seminar on 'Religion and Politics in the Middle East'. With reliable facts and figures, he outlined the need for, and the possible structure of a Pan-Islamic Union. Mr. Titus Verghese presided and made useful remarks.

Another meeting was held in the 3rd week of November, when Mr. Ramakrishnan, IV B.A., read a paper on 'Reformation and the Ideal of Freedom'. It was a remarkable review of Fromm's recent book, 'The Fear of Freedom'. Mr. Jilani presided and further explained the main ideas.

As usual, we are hoping to arrange more meetings and seminars in the third term. Dr. A. Krishnaswamy, Miss Rowe of Women's Christian College and Prof. Venkataraman of Presidency College are among our expected speakers.

I thank the students and staff for their hearty co-operation and with their continued support and zeal, I look forward to an active, useful and pleasant third term.

K. S. Krishnamurthy,
Secretary.

The Economics Association

Our work for the 2nd term began with a seminar on 'Public Utilities' led by S. Jagannathan. It was followed by a paper on 'Transport' by Miss Kanthimathi. On 10th October 1945, Easo John read a paper on the 'International Monetary Fund'. Social Insurance was the subject of a seminar led by M. Thomas. Mr. Jagathpathi, B.A. (Hons.), reviewed Prof. Hayek's 'Road to Serfdom' on 31st October 1945, and the week after that, C. G. Ramasubbu gave an outline of Prof. Chamberlain's 'Theory of Monopolistic Competition'. Sanjeeva Rao read a paper on 'Trade Unionism' on 14th November. The last seminar for the term was on 'Industrial Finance' led by Samuel Williams.

Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari addressed our Association on 'Reform of Indian Banking' on the 22nd November 1945. No more meetings could be arranged during the term because of a series of disappointments with regard to a scheme of lectures that had been arranged. This term Dr. Poduval, M.A., M.Sc., Ph.D., Professor at Annamalai University, has kindly consented to address us on 'Employment in Transition' and on 'Monetary Policy in Transition' on 26th and 27th January 1946 respectively. He has also promised to lead a seminar on 'Economic Regionalism'. We hope also to have a lecture by Dr. Balakrishna, M.A., Ph.D., Reader in Economics, Madras University, on 'Transitional Economics'. Besides these, we propose to arrange lectures by Dr. K. B. Krishna, M.A., Ph.D., and Dr. A. Krishnaswamy, M.A., Ph.D.

We have drawn up the following scheme of seminars for this term :—

Date	*Subject*	*Name of the Leader*
16th January 1946	... 'Death Duties'	... Bhojan
23rd January 1946	... 'Profits'	... Chandrasekharan
30th January 1946	... 'Prof. Hayek's Pure Theory of Capital'	... Chidambaram
6th February 1946	... 'Transition'	... Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah, M.A., Ph.D.
13th February 1946	... 'Social and Economic Council'	... Purushotham
20th February 1946	... 'Trends in Post-war International Trade'	... Srinivasulu Reddy

I take this opportunity to thank the President, the Student Chairman, the Treasurer and the other members of the Executive for the hearty co-operation they gave me in the activities of the Association.

We wish the final year students the best of luck and we hope that they will come out creditably as usual.

K. Purushotham Naidu,
Secretary.

The Samskrit Association

On the 18th of October, K. N. Srinivasan, III B.A., after giving a brief history of Samskrit Literature, dealt with its relation to the sciences in an able manner.

Thanks to the Zoological Department, we were able to attend the interesting lantern lecture of Mr. Sivaramamurthy, M.A., Curator, Government Museum, on 'How we can understand ancient Indian culture through the study of Samskrit Literature', on the 13th November. Entertaining us with projections on the screen of important historical coins, sculpture and ancient Indian paintings, the Speaker emphasized the inter-dependence of Samskrit Literature and Indian sculpture, paintings and numismatics.

We must congratulate K. P. Ramakrishnan, III B.A. (Hons.) and Valiakunhunny Raja, III B.A., who represented our Association and knocked off both the prizes given by the Samskritha Academy during the Kalidasa Day celebrations.

Ramachandran, T. A.,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sanghamu

We began our activities for the 2nd term with an interesting lecture by Sri Narla

Venkateswara Rao, Editor *Andhra Prabha* on 'Journalism in India' on the 11th October, 1945. The student-chairman presided.

On the 19th October, a debate was held on 'The Old is Gold: the Modern is Dubious.' There was a lively discussion in which, among others, Messrs. Francis and Jagathpathi took part. Prof. S. P. Adinarayan, M.A., who was the observer, gave a balanced and thought-provoking critique of the points raised by the several speakers.

'Progressive literature' was the subject of an analytical and impressive address by Sri Jalasutram Rukmininadha Sastri of *Andhra prabha* on the 26th October. The Student-Chairman presided.

Prof. D. Venkata Rao, M.A., L.T., of the Presidency College, delivered a frank and instructive lecture on 'The State of Modern Society' on the 2nd November. Sri P. R. P. Francis, M.A., presided.

There was a musical entertainment by the Vinjamuri sisters (Miss Anasuya Devi, B.A., and Miss Sita Devi, B.A. in the Anderson Hall on the 8th November. Dr. G. V. Sitapathi, M.A., Ph.D., presided. The performance was widely appreciated, and our thanks are due to the artistes for giving us their enjoyable music, in spite of their many engagements.

On November 23rd, there was *Kavy Patanamu* by Kavithavisharada G. Joshuakavi. It was an inspiring experience for our young and rising literateurs to listen to the poet reciting his works. Rao Saheb V. P. Adiseshiah, M.A., L.T., (ex-Principal, Voorhees College), presided on the occasion and pleaded for a proper appreciation of the old as well as the modern works of literature.

A debate was held on the 15th January, on 'Who has won the war—the Scientist or the Politician?' Sri P. R. P. Francis, M.A., presided.

We are expecting to have a Variety Entertainment on the 22nd January. We also hope to publish a Telugu Magazine under the auspices of the Association in the course of the term.

I thank the other office-bearers for all the co-operation I have received from them. We are also grateful to all the speakers who have addressed our meetings.

M. RAMALINGA REDDY,
Secretary.

The Malayalee Association

Soon after the Michaelmas vacation, a business meeting of the Association met to consider the resignation of the then President, Mr. P. Kesava Menon, M. A., MSc. The resignation was accepted and Mr. V. Titus Verghese was elected President for the rest of the year. The Association is grateful to Mr. Menon for the valuable help he has rendered to us.

Another meeting soon followed, when Mr. N. V. K. Varier addressed us on 'Progressive Literature'. It was a studied and scholarly lecture. Mr. Titus Verghese presided.

The St. Thomas's Hall Theatre witnessed a large gathering when a very successful debate was held there on 'Western Civilisation is a Failure.' Mr. Nambudiripad moved the proposition well supported by Messrs. P. C. Ravi Varma, E. I. George Clery and Mrs. Mary Joseph. The Opposition was led by Mr. Easo John. Mr. K. C. Thomas, Mr. Titus Verghese, M. A., and Dn. C. A. Abraham also opposed the proposition.

The debate was not only interesting but as the speaker, Mr. K. M. George, later pointed out in his remarks, the standard of it too was high.

The proposition was carried by a narrow majority.

When the sad news of the death of Janab Abdur Rahman, former president of the Kerala Provincial Congress Committee, reached us, the Association met and passed a condolence resolution bemoaning his loss and sympathising with his wife and relations.

We had been thinking of publishing a magazine, but the state of our exchequer does not warrant such an enterprise.

The Association takes this opportunity to thank Mr. V. Titus Verghese, who kindly consented to be the President, and Mr. K. M. George, who has taken a great interest in us.

Lastly the association thanks all the members for their cooperation.

KURIEN VERGHESE,
THAMPAN JOSEPH,
Secretaries.

The Christian Union

Our activities for the second term started with the Annual Provincial Camp which was held at Chingleput from the 12th to the 15th October 1945. As in the last two years, more than a hundred delegates from our Union attended the Camp. The theme was 'This Business of Living'—and this accounts for the great enthusiasm which was shown by the delegates. There was every proof that the Madras-Vellore S.C.M. has been making great progress in religious thinking and experience.

We have just succeeded in publishing a monthly News-Sheet titled 'The Christian Forum'. It contains short stories, life sketches of saints, answers by eminent people to questions put forward by the readers, cartoons, etc. We type out three copies and circulate them in the three Halls. We are glad that they are being read by a large number of students with real benefit.

We were able to send 25 delegates to the Regional Leaders' Conference which met at Madura from the 19th to 27th December 1945. We collected a fairly good sum from the staff and the members of Our Union, to enable the delegation to go to Madura. This is the first time in the history of the Student Christian Movement in India, Burma and Ceylon, that such a conference was organised. We had delegates from Andhradesa, Tamil-nad, Kerala, Mysore, Ceylon and the Madras-Vellore areas. The delegates discussed the following subjects in three Commissions.—(1) The Church and Churches. (2) The Church and the World. (3) The Christian Faith and the University. We offer our thanks to God for the personal experience of each delegate to the Conference. The uniqueness of the Conference lies in the fact that it made us realise that the S.C.M. should be *the S.C.M.*, that is, it made us realise how the S.C.M. demands from its members their total allegiance to it, and their earnestness and enthusiasm in all its activities.

We are glad to report that we have started a new Sunday School in the Railway Colony for Telugu-speaking children.

The Student Missionary Union had their 'Missionary Week-end' at Pammal on the 27th and 28th October 1945. The object of this 'Week-end' is to think and pray together about our Christian vocation as missionaries. This term also they will be having one 'Week-end'.

We had the 'College Pudding' which was held on the 1st of February 1946. We contributed some items. Then we have the 'Week of Witness' when teams will be sent out to proclaim their faith to other unions in the City Colleges and at Vellore. We hope that we will be able to send a good number of teams this year. The Rev. R. S. Macnicol is quite busy preparing the teams. This 'Week of Witness' ends with the Universal Day of Prayer.

It is my duty now to thank our Patron, the Rev. T. G. Platten, the Acting Principal, our Staff-Advisers, the Rev. R. S. Macnicol and Mr. P. R. P. Francis, our Union Chairman, Deacon N. M. Thomas, the Committee members and all the members of the Union for their help and co-operation in all the activities of our Union.

M. D. S. CHINNADORAI,
General Secretary.

Carnatic Music Association

In the second term, our Association was very active. We celebrated 'Vijayadasami Day' on Tuesday the 16th October, when the budding musicians of our College were given an opportunity to distinguish themselves. The Student-President presided.

The genuine love of the members for highly enchanting music was satisfied by the deliciously refreshing and exquisitely brilliant performances of two leading Sangeetha Vidwans, held during the term. Isai Arasu M. M. Dandapani Desigar was kind enough to give a music performance on Tuesday the 30th October, accompanied by Sri Balasubbarayalu on the violin and Sri Kalpathi Ramanathan on the mridangam.

The performance was of a first-rate quality.

Gana Kaladhara Sreeman Madurai Mani Ayyar gave a music performance on Friday the 16th November 1945, accompanied by the 17-year old Master Krishnan on the violin and Sri Palani Subramaniam Pillai on the mridangam. Master Krishnan showed such wonderful talents that he deservedly won the applause of the audience. The performance was well attended and well appreciated. It was a red-letter-day in the history of the Association.

We resumed the activities of the third term with a music competition held on 15th January 1946, when Sri P. S. Varadachari, Sri S. Rangachari and Sri A. Krishnamoorthi acted as judges. Six students took part in the competition—R. Seshadri (III B.SC) and S. Kannan (III B.A.) were placed first and second respectively in the Vocal Competition while Jagaraj (III Hons.) and Raghavan (III Hons.) were placed first and second respectively in the Instrumental Music Competition.

We hope to hold the Inter-Collegiate Music Competition for the Pennathur Visalakshi Ammal Rolling Cup during the last week of January and two more performances. We trust we shall be able to celebrate the Thiagaraja festival also.

We are grateful to the musicians and artistes for their generous help which is needed for the flourishing of such associations. We also thank the representatives and members (both staff and students) for their unstinted support and hearty cooperation.

T. K. PARTHASARATHY,
C. P. VENKATADRI,
Secretaries.

The Women Students' Union

The inaugural meeting of the Women's Union was held on August 3rd, 1945, with Mr. Platten in the chair. Miss Rowe from Women's Christian College spoke on 'History with a Pickaxe' in which she told us of her experiences in trying to expose an ancient drain in one of the excavations being done in the West Coast.

This year we have succeeded in obtaining facilities to play games in the College. The staff tenniquoit court was given over to us.

Some of the novel activities of our Union this year were the picnic we had at Ennore and a cricket match.

On the 9th of February 1946, the Junior members of the Union gave a farewell party to the Seniors. On the 18th of February, the valedictory meeting of the Union was held with Mrs. Platten in the chair. Mr. Macnicol gave the valedictory address.

The office-bearers of this year (1945-46) are:—

President.—MRS. PLATTEN.
Secretary.—MISS SUSY KOVOOR.
Assistant Secretary.—MISS SUNDARI CLARKE.
Treasurer.—MISS LILY NAIR.

SUSY KOVOOR,
Secretary.

ATHLETIC NOTES

As usual the third Term was devoted almost entirely to Track and Field sports. In view of the Madras Olympics, Inter-'Varsity Sports and the All-India Olympics, our Sports were held rather earlier than usual, on Monday, 21st January. The Halls had their sports the week after College reopened and during the next week, on the 17th and 18th, the heats and some of the finals of the College Sports were conducted. All the three Halls had a few outstanding athletes and no one was quite certain who would eventually win the Championship. In any case, a close fight was anticipated.

The Sports were unfortunately affected to some extent by weather. On Saturday and Sunday there was very heavy rain, a most unusual thing for that part of the year. All the lines and markings on the sports ground were washed off and the track was very wet

and heavy. It was even feared that the Sports would have to be postponed. But the rain stopped on Sunday afternoon, and on Monday morning the sun came out. The whole field had to be rolled and re-marked. The ground was got ready just in time. The heavy ground made the going slow and the timings in all the races were poor, though it did not actually upset the final results. E. L. Philip had a bad day altogether. He started the afternoon with the 100 metres race. There were one or two foul starts and on one occasion he and C. S. Balakrishnan ran the whole course all by themselves before they realised that they had to start all over again. In the 200 metres race, Philip stopped half way through, not being able to complete the distance. C. S. Balakrishnan won this event in 23.7 seconds which is a good performance considering the heavy going. Philip, however, won the 400 metres race in addition to the 100 metres. K. T. Kuruvilla of St. Thomas's was another who won two firsts—110 metres hurdles and the Hop, Step & Jump. Another St. Thomas's man, V. M. Mathew, also had this distinction; he won the 400 metres hurdles and the 800 metres race. Other outstanding performances were by W. R. King (Long Jump), E. K. Unnikrishnan (1,500 metres race), R. J. Fowler (Hammer Throw)—all from Bishop Heber, and M. Kagwa (200 metres hurdles) of Selaiyur. Heber won the 4 x 100 metres Relay and St. Thomas's won the 4 x 400 metres Relay. Only one College record was broken this year, by R. J. Fowler, in the Hammer Throw. As already mentioned, conditions were unfavourable in events where there was any running to be done and it is no wonder that timings in all the races were slow. The championship points scored by the three Halls were as follows:—

Bishop Heber ...	119
Selaiyur ...	89
St Thomas's ...	82

The results in the various events are given at the end.

The Old Boys' race proved to be a fast race. Mr. J. E. N. Isaacs, the well-known hurdler and an ex-Football captain of the College, won the event and Mr. C. B. I. Jacob, who still holds our 800 metres and 1,500 metres records, was a close second.

For the Inter-College Open Relay (4 x 200 metres), five teams competed: Medical, Loyola, Pachaiyappas, Y. M. C. A. and Engineering. It turned out to be a close and thrilling race and was won by Y. M. C. A. (holders). Loyola was second.

Sir Norman Strathie, K.C.I.E., Adviser to H. E. the Governor of Madras, presided over the Sports. After distributing the prizes and certificates, he made a short speech and congratulated the students of the College for maintaining their brilliant record in Athletics. He added that every student of this College should consider himself lucky in having such excellent facilities for sports and games available to him.

Madras Olympic Sports

Once again we took part in the Madras Olympics without any intention of competing for the Provincial Athletic Championship and as happened two years ago, in exactly the same circumstances, we went on to win this much covêted Championship. The Madras University had asked all colleges to enter their outstanding athletes in the Madras Olympics in order to select its own team for the Inter-'Varsity Sports. Fifteen athletes from our College were entered—E. L. Philip, C. S. Balakrishnan, E. K. Unnikrishnan, J. E. Augustine, V. M. Mathew, K. T. Kuruvilla, M. Kagwa, R. Mathews, G. Zachariah, J. Pothen, I. Kovoor, D. V. G. Jesudasen, W. R. King, R. J. Fowler and M. Mathew. Competition was of a very high order. Besides the best athletes from all the Colleges of the University there were the M. & S. M. Railway, Madras Y.M.C.A., Cochin, Travancore and the Coimbatore Athletic Association teams. E. L. Philip was responsible for one of the three new records created during these sports, running the 100 metres in 11 secs., and thus lowering his own previous record. This, however, was not very outstanding considering that Philip has run this distance in much shorter times on several occasions before. Although the M. & S.M. Railway was leading most of the time in the race for the Championship, we caught

up with them and beat them in the end by a narrow margin. We scored 41 points and they secured 39. This is the second time we have won this Championship competing as a College.

Inter-'Varsity Sports.

The Inter-University Sports were held in Madras this year, on the Y.M.C.A. College grounds, on the 30th and 31st of January. Again, as usual, most of the Madras University athletes were from our College. In all, five Universities competed—Punjab, Mysore, Aligarh, Madras and Lucknow. The Punjab retained the Championship. Madras was ahead of the other three Universities and secured the second place. Besides E. L. Philip who won two firsts (100 metres and 200 metres), M. Kagwa also got a first, in the 400 metres hurdles. A record for the Inter-'Varsity was set up in the 4 × 100 metres Relay (44·7 secs.) thanks mostly to our sprinters.

All-India Olympics.

E. L. Philip, C. S. Balakrishnan and M. Kagwa were selected from our College for the Madras team that was sent up to compete in the All-India Olympic Sports which were held this year at Bangalore, early in February. E. L. Philip did not do as well as was expected though he won the 200 metres race in grand style against very stiff opposition. He had the unique honour of representing India in the India *vs.* Ceylon Duel Meet which followed immediately after the All-India Sports. Philip has yet several years of sprinting ahead of him, and with proper care and adequate training, he ought to do even better than he has done so far. He has yet to learn how to get off the mark. If he is able to perfect his start, which is all-important in sprinting, he is likely to win greater fame and honours, in the next World Olympics in 1948.

Inter-Collegiate Sports.

The Inter-Collegiate Sports were held on the 15th and 16th February, on the Loyola College grounds. For most of our athletes the break of almost a month after the College Sports was not very helpful. Some of them had not kept up their training while some others had almost gone stale. As holders of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Championship for the last six years, we had got into the habit of thinking that we can win this Championship without much effort. Also, coming after the more serious competitions there was a tendency not to take this very seriously. Fortunately this attitude did not prove fatal. But we have to guard against a feeling of complacency and not preparing adequately for this competition.

Seven Colleges competed for the Championship. Medical, Loyola and the Y.M.C.A., all made a concerted attempt to wrest the honours from us but once again our superiority was unassailable as the final scrores show. One surprise of the Sports was the defeat of E. L. Philip by C. S. Balakrishnan. Balakrishnan has been rather unlucky in having had to run against the All-India champion in every race, but he is a game fighter, and on every occasion he has gone all out. On this occasion, in the 100 metres, his pluck and perseverance were rewarded. He beat the champion by a narrow margin. Philip lost due to various reasons but that does not detract from Balakrishnan's splendid performance. K. T. Kuruvilla is another who distinguished himself. He won both the events he competed in—110 metres hurdles and the Hop, Step and Jump. M. Kagwa was unlucky. He had won the 110 metres hurdles with a comfortable lead but was disqualified though the fault was not really his. Kagwa is a hurdler of great promise, but he has to learn that it pays to take his training a little more seriously. Another good performance was by R. Mathews who won the low hurdles in excellent style.

The following are the scores of the various colleges for the Championship:—

1. Madras Christian College—66 points
2. Madras Medical „ —37 „

3.	Y. M. C. A.	College —37	points
4.	Loyola	„ —32	„
5.	Engineering	„ —29	„
6.	Pachaiyappa's	„ — 4	„
7.	Presidency	„ — 2	„

Thus, we won the Championship again, for the 7th year in succession.

C.A.A.

RESULTS OF COLLEGE SPORTS

1.	400 Metres Hurdles	1. V. M. Mathew—T—Time: 64·5 secs. 2. K. C. Mathew—T—
2.	Shot Put	1. G. Zachariah—S—Distance: 30 ft. 1 in. 2. G. Thariyan—H—
3.	Discus Throw	1. K. K. Kuriakose—S—Distance: 76 ft. 6 in. 2. C. J. Poulose—S
4.	800 Metres Race	1. V. M. Mathew—T—Time: 2 min. 12 secs. 2. E. K. Unnikrishnan—H
5.	110 Metres Hurdles	1. K. T. Kuruvilla—T—Time: 18·4 secs. 2. M. Kagwa—H
6.	Pole Vault	1. K. Damodaran—S—Height: 9 ft. 9¼ in. 2. W. R. King—H—and N. A. Lamech—S
7.	100 Metres Race	1. E. L. Philip—H—Time: 11·6 secs. 2. C. S. Balakrishnan—H
8.	Long Jump	1. W. R. King—H—Distance: 20 ft. 8 in. 2. G. Zachariah—S—
9.	400 Metres Race	1. E. L. Philip—H—Time: 55·4 secs. 2. C. S. Balakrishnan—H—
10.	Hammer Throw	1. R. J. Fowler—H—Distance: 67 ft. 7 in. (New Record) 2. N. D. D'Sena—H
11.	Hop, Step and Jump	1. K. T. Kuruvilla—T—Distance: 42 ft. 8 in. 2. J. Pothen—H
12.	200 Metres Hurdles	1. M. Kagwa—S—Time: 28·4 secs. 2. R. Mathews—H
13.	High Jump	1. D. V. G. Jesudasan—H—Height: 5 ft. 4 in. 2. Jayasingh Thomas—S
14.	200 Metres Race	1. C. S. Balakrishnan—H—Time: 23·7 secs. 2. P. Asirvadam—T—
15.	Javelin Throw	1. A. C. Wilson—S—Distance: 114 ft. 8 in. 2. Alexander Samji—T
16.	1,500 Metres Race	1. E. K. Unnikrishnan—H—Time: 4 min. 39 secs. 2. J. E. Augustine—H—
17.	4 × 100 Metres Relay ...	1. Bishop Heber—Time: 47·4 secs.
18.	4 × 400 Metres Relay ...	1. St. Thomas's—Time: 3 min. 53 secs.
19.	Tug-of-war ...	1. Bishop Heber

NON-CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

1.	Sack Race ...	M. G. Wrightman
2.	Old Boys' Race	1. Mr. J. E. N. Isaacs 2. Mr. C. B. I. Jacob
3.	4 × 200 Metres Relay Race for Servants ...	1. Science Department.
4.	4 × 200 Metres Inter-College Relay ...	1. Y.M.C.A. College—Time: 1 min. 39 sec. 2. Loyola College.

Cricket.

Once again the cricket season has come and gone and once again our hopes for the coveted Championship have failed to materialise. It is sad indeed to reflect that though we had one of the best balanced teams in recent years, with extremely capable batsmen and equally efficient bowlers, we were beaten by the more fortunate Engineers whom we take this opportunity to congratulate.

The only league match that we played this term was against the Law College. Jayasingh and Zachariah opened promisingly for us scoring 31 each before the whole side collapsed for 139. But our bowlers once again proved equally good and got the Lawyers all out for 77.

Many feathers have been added to our team's cap this year. B. Alagannan and R. Perumal were chosen to play for Madras against Mysore in the Ranji Trophy match and with J. Sydney and N. Kannayiram they played for the Madras University against Ceylon and Bombay Universities. In the first match, Alagannan's and Perumal's 5 wts. each, Sydney's patient 64 and Kannayiram's aggressive 24, were mainly responsible for the defeat of the Islanders. But against Bombay, they went down to a much superior side which included such players as Modi, Rege and Phadkar.

The festival match against the Old Boys came off on the 26th January, when Mr. C. R. Ganapathy, ex-acting Registrar, Madras University, captained our opponents. Everybody caught the true festival spirit of the match which ended in a draw.

Finally we thank all those who took real interest in the game and gave us good encouragement all through the season, especially the Principal, Mr. Platten, Mr. Vedasiromani, our President, and Mr. C. A. Abraham, our Physical Director, who have been of great help to us and we wish our successors the best of luck in the years to come.

J. Sydney,
Captain.

Boxing.

The start of the second term found the members of the Boxing Club getting into shape for the Inter-Collegiate Boxing Tournament. The Boxing team, as usual, walked off with the shield for the 10th time in succession. Our team was fairly good this year, having been strengthened by a few new members. M. Kagwa, D. Berne, R. Mathews, J. Augustine and R. Fowler, all new members, proved their mettle by winning their respective weights. We must not forget our old hands such as M. Wrightman, H. Roberts, T. Winter, R. J. Rajasekharan, H. Cresswell and K. Charles who still retain their good standard.

A few of our outstanding boxers such as M. Kagwa, T. Winter, and H. Roberts were selected to represent Madras Presidency to box against Ceylon. M. Kagwa fought brilliantly although he was beaten by a more experienced boxer. The fight was the best of the night.

In the coming Civilians *vs.* Military Tournament, some of our boxers, M. Kagwa, T. Winter, M. Wrightman, H. Roberts, and R. Fowler have been selected to fight for the Civilian Team.

RESULTS OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE BOXING TOURNAMENT

Junior Weight

J. E. Augustine—88½ lbs. (Christian College) T.K.O.

G. P. Randle—88½ lbs. (Christian College) in the 3rd round.

Pin Weight

R. J. Rajasekharan—97 lbs. (Christian College) beat

K. J. Charles—100 lbs. (Christian College) on points.

Paper Weight

D. J. Ashe—104½ lbs. (Medical College) beat.

M. Rangaswamy—103 lbs. (Presidency College) on points.

Fly Weight

J. B. Winter—111 lbs. (Christian College) beat

H. H. Cresswell—110½ lbs. (Christian College) on points.

BANTAM WEIGHT

R. M. Mathews—113 lbs. (Christian College) beat
T. Narayanan—117½ lbs. (Presidency College) on points.

FEATHER WEIGHT

H. H. Roberts—119 lbs. (Christian College) beat
V. Santhanam—120 lbs. (Presidency College) on points.

LIGHT WEIGHT

M. G. Wrightman—132 lbs. (Christian College) beat
T. Kurien—129 lbs. (Christian College) on points.

WELTER WEIGHT

D. W. Berlie—138½ lbs. (Christian College) T.K.O.
G. Doss—146½ lbs. (Engineering College) in the 1st round.

MIDDLE WEIGHT

M. Kagwa—148 lbs. (Christian College) T.K.O.
Rousseau—151½ lbs. (Y.M.C.A.) in the 2nd round.

LIGHT HEAVY WEIGHT

B. G. Fowler—170 lbs. (Christian College) T.K.O.
Tahoor Ulla—166 lbs. (Y.M.C.A.) in the 2nd round.

CHAMPIONSHIP POINTS

Christian College—22 points.
Presidency College—3 points.
Medical College—2 points.
Y.M.C.A. College—2 points.
Engineering College—1 point.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY V. M. PHILIP AT THE DIOCESAN PRESS,
18 CHURCH ROAD, VEPERY, MADRAS, P.I.C. NO. Q.H. MS. 5—25-3-46—1,300 COPIES.—C1339
JOINT EDITORS :—J. R. MACPHAIL, M.A., AND K. R. CHANDRASEKHARAN, M.A., M.LITT.
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, TAMBARAM

823